

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

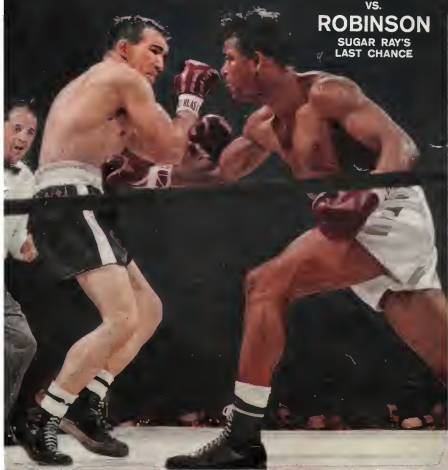
APRIL 29, 1957

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Advertisements on page 22

**COVER:** GENE FULLMER AND SUGAR RAY ROBINSON  
Photograph by Hy Peskin

Sugar Ray Robinson has won and lost the middleweight title (in the ring that is) more times than any other fighter in history. Having lost it again to Gene Fullmer in January he will try to get it back a fourth time at Chicago Stadium on May 1. For an estimate of his chances, see Martin Kane's PREVIEW of the fight on page 28.

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## AN SI SPECIAL: THE GREAT U.S. POOL BOOM

Everybody's in the rarin' these days. In a 14-page report (five in color), FRED R. SMITH and JO ANDERSEN describe pool building and living and poolside fashions designed for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED by award-winning Designer CLAIRE MCCARDELL.

## APRIL IS FOR THE YOUNG IN HEART

Tony Kubek awaits his chance as other youngsters shine

## SPECTACLE: THE HORSE SHOW THAT IS ITALY'S PRIDE

It is in Rome, of course, and one of the reasons for its success is the brilliant riding of the D'Inzeo brothers, introduced by LUGI BARRING JR.

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The rough and eminently body-contact sport of lacrosse. . . The felling of an vampire by a whisky bottle. . . The capricious mouth work of Lew Bardette

## IT'S SUGAR VS. GENE AGAIN

Gene Fullmer is favored, by the odds and by MARTIN KANE, to keep the middleweight title won from Sugar Ray Robinson

## THE TEX RICKARD STORY: PART II

IN BOXING IS A GIANT'S GAME. CHARLES SAMUELS tells how the rising promoter brought together Gans and Nelsons and Johnson and Jeffries

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### DERBY PREVIEW

### CALUMET vs. BOLD RULER

As a rare crop of 3-year-olds prepares for Kentucky, Whitney Tower analyzes their chances, and leading experts make their picks. Also Churchill Downs in color

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## HOTBOX

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*Cen. finance committee  
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**JOHN GWSEICHNIK**

*Captain of Yale's 1936  
Ivy League football  
champions*

Coeds would have a great effect on football in general. There is more spirit in any college during the football season when the coeds take an active part. The long hours of football practice are pretty much of a grind for the players. Maybe they'd appreciate the companionship of coeds after a tough practice session.

**EDDIE ERGAN**

*Yale's Olympic  
light-heavyweight  
boxing champion*

I don't like the idea of coeds at Yale but, if we had them, I think they would help athletics. Look at what

our girls did in the Olympic Games. Athletes, men or women, go to schools where their talents will be appreciated. Outstanding girl swimmers and divers might become part of the great Yale University swimming team.



**ARTHUR HOWE JR.**  
*Dean of Admissions  
Yale*

has said that women should be admitted to Yale because they would raise the scholastic level. What effect would they have on athletics? (Asked at the Yale banquet for the Olympic crew and the football team)

**LANNY ROSS**



*Famous singer  
Former captain of  
Yale track team*

If girls were to be admitted to Yale as coeds, they could raise the level of athletic competition. When a fellow loves a girl a little, he'll do much better at her urging. She can even quote the Bible to him: "Rejoiceth as the bridegroom to run a race" and tell him that after they're married she won't expect him to run quite so fast.

**CURT H. REISINGER**



*New York  
Retired financier*

That's a very intriguing thought. I'm a Harvard man myself. In Cambridge we have a little school named Radcliffe that's associated with Harvard. Has it helped athletics at Harvard? I'm not exactly sure. Anyway, if Yale should admit coeds, we'd be on a par and maybe Fair Harvard could win a few football games.

**THOMAS J. CHARLTON**



*Captain of  
Yale's 1936  
Olympic crew*

I don't know what effect the admission of coeds would have on the other forms of athletics at Yale, but with a pretty coed in the stern of a shell as the coxswain, I think the boys would be inclined to listen closely and row a bit better. And she would cradle a boy's head in her lap if he collapsed at the end of a grueling race.

*continued*

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## HOTBOX

continued

### HERMAN M. LEVY

*New Haven  
Attorney*



The admission of coeds to Yale would be wonderful for athletics. They'd bring new sports to Yale—field

hockey, gymnastics, etc., and they could set a new style for evening dresses—muscles in the arms and shoulders. Which would be better, my classmate Rudy Vallee in a raccoon coat or majorettes with the Yale band?

### CHET LA ROOHE

*Former Yale football  
player, chairman  
National  
Football Foundation*



Coeds at Yale? Never! Football greats like Walter Camp, Pudge Heffelfinger, Frank

Hinsley and Tom Sherrill would turn over in their graves. What's the world coming to? Women are even trying to crash the Naval Academy and West Point. Thank the Lord we have our fine president Whitney Griswold. He won't let them in.

### JOHN J. LINCOLN

*Yale end, 1887, 1928*



Women at Yale? They certainly were plentiful when I was there. Why not admit them as coeds? They would

add quite a bit of color to football games. I can almost hear them in the stands singing: "We are poor little lambs who have lost our way. Baa, baa, baa. We are little black sheep who have gone astray. Baa, baa, baa."

# MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

BY ONE DEFINITION it's simply the seventh race at Churchill Downs on the first Saturday in May. It is also a rare athletic contest among horses, with the winner receiving roses which won't keep and fame which will. It is the two-minute centerpiece of a social phenomenon which combines the best traditions of horse racing with aspects of a Legion convention, the Mardi Gras and a medicine show. For one day it's a national state of mind, like spring fever. It's the Kentucky Derby—and sometimes the problem seems to be to tell the horses from the hoopla.

In an effort to present the best of both, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED next week publishes its annual Kentucky Derby PREVIEW. As for the horses, the field now entered for the Derby is as brilliant as any in its 83-year history, including not only Federal Hill, Round Table, Missile and Iron Liege. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 1954 long shot (SI, Feb. 25)—but the favorites, Gen. Duke and Bold Ruler, whose pre-Derby competition portends a classic rivalry like that of Nashua and Swaps or War Admiral and Seabiscuit. Next week our turf editor, Whitney Tower, will be moving them all into the starting gate. As for the hoopla, you'll find much of it in four pages of color photographs of Derby spectators as they prepare to watch the event which only a part of them ever see. In addition, the PREVIEW takes up the subject of the remarkable father and son combination of Ben and Jimmy Jones, the men behind the horses in Calumet Farm's formidable triple-threat Derby entry.

In past years SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has had, beyond its regular staff, some special correspondents to report the Derby. In 1955 it was William Faulkner; in 1956 John P. Marquand. In 1957, in our May 13 issue, it will be Catherine Drinker Bowen, author of *Yankee from Olympus*, *John Adams and the American Revolution* and, most recently, *The Lion and the Throne*. Mrs. Bowen began her writing career by selling an article about her sailboat honeymoon to *Yachting*. Since then she has raised a family (a son, Ezra Bowen, is a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED staff writer), written nine books. Now between books and undecided on her next, she says, "I want to have some fun first." And Mrs. Bowen agrees that there hardly seems a better place to have it than Louisville next week.



AUTHOR BOWEN

*Harry Phillips*

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## COMING EVENTS

April 26 through May 5

### FRIDAY, APRIL 26

**Boating**  
Prince of Wales 5-Header Sailing Cup Series, Bethesda (through April 28)

**Boxing**  
• Miguel Delgado vs. Roger Bessie, featherweight eliminator, 10th round (10 rds.) Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (NBC)

**Dog Trials**  
Savador Retriever Club Trials, Southampton, N.Y. (through April 28)

**Tennis**  
Middle States Women's Intercollegiate Tournament, Bryn Mawr, Pa. (through April 28)

**Track & Field**  
• Penn Relays, Philadelphia (through April 27) (NBC)

### SATURDAY, APRIL 27

**Auto Racing**  
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Spartanburg, S.C.

**Baseball**  
• Cleveland vs. Detroit, Cleveland 1:45 p.m. (CBS)  
• Pittsburgh vs. Brooklyn, Pittsburgh 1:30 p.m. (NBC)

**Boating**  
Aqueduct Member Sailing Championships, Princeton, N.J. (through April 27)

**Boxing**  
Reggie Cup (Harvard, Dartmouth and MIT 150lb) Cambridge, Mass.

**College Football**  
• California vs. USC, Oakland, Calif.  
• Ohio State vs. Penn State, Penn State, Pa. (through April 27) (NBC)

**Horse Racing**  
• Excellent Handicap, \$25,000, 2-yr. olds & up, 1:16 m., Jamaica, N.Y. 4:45 p.m. (NBC)

**Baseball**  
• Los Angeles vs. New York, New York 1:30 p.m. (CBS)

**Baseball**  
• Los Angeles vs. New York, New York 1:30 p.m. (CBS)

**Horse Racing**  
• Maryland Hunt Cup Association, Glenview, Md.  
• Oak Grove Race and Sports Club Association, Germantown, Tenn.

**Lacrosse**  
• Princeton vs. Penn, Cambridge, Mass.  
• Johns Hopkins vs. Amherst, 8:00 p.m.  
• Rutgers vs. Virginia, New Brunswick, N.J.

**Track & Field**  
Colorado Relays, Boulder, Colo.

### SUNDAY, APRIL 28

**Auto Racing**  
• Indianapolis Sports Car Race (SCCA), Lake Arrowhead, Ohio  
• NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Rockingham, N.C.  
• NASCAR Late Model Convertible Race, Old Bridge, N.J.

**Dog Show**  
• Penn. Fox Terrier Club Show, Chester, Pa.  
• Rhode Island Kennel Club Show, Cranston, R.I.  
• Toledo Kennel Club Show, Toledo

**Baseball**  
• 15th Annual Silver Ball Trophy Race, Norton, Calif.  
• The Western Ski Tournament, Arapahoe Basin, Calif.

**Baseball**  
• U.S. Soccer Team vs. Mexico, Los Angeles

**Sports Festival**  
• Annual Kentucky Derby Festival, Louisville (through May 5)

### MONDAY, APRIL 29

**Baseball**  
• Jackie Robinson vs. Joe Mauer, middleweights (10 rds.), St. Nick's, New York 10:30 p.m. (Gulfstream)

**Baseball**  
• Bermuda Race Week, Bermuda (through May 6)

### TUESDAY, APRIL 30

**Baseball**  
• Bob Baker vs. Roy Harris, heavyweights (10 rds.), Houston

**Baseball**  
• Cheryl Hanna vs. Bobby Red, featherweights (10 rds.), Houston

**Horse Racing**  
• The Derby Trial \$15,000, 3-yr.-old Kentucky Derby prospects, 1 m., Churchill Downs, Ky.





**SPORTS  
ILLUSTRATED**

APRIL 26, 1957

# APRIL IS FOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. SIMMERMAN



# THE YOUNG IN HEART

With the help of a handful of talented youngsters, the baseball season was off to a rousing start. But the one who may be the best of them all—Tony Kubek—could only await his chance and watch from the Yankee bench

by ROY TERRELL

MARIS GRABBS SLAM—FIRST OF '57—DEATH

TIGERS IN 11 INNINGS

•

CIMOLI, FLOP OF '56, SMASH HIT AS

DODGERS WIN OPENER

•

ROOKIE SMITH SLUGS CARDS TO RUNAWAY

VICTORY OVER REDSOXS

IT IS ONE of the sad truths of baseball that the youngster who buds in the spring frequently never blossoms at all. Sometimes he just wilts. But this year's crop began to break out all over once the major league season got under way. It is still far too early for complete returns, of course, but first results would indicate that the 1957 harvest of young ballplayers could be the best in years.

The Cleveland Indians, for example, can't help but be pleased over the major league debut of Roger Maris. A crew-cut blond with the build and movements of an All-America halfback, Maris came up from Indianapolis, was handed a glove and told to go to work in left field. Baiting against Chicago's Billy Pierce—one of the best left-handed pitchers in a league replete with good left-handed pitchers—the left-hand hitting Maris singled three times in the opening game and scored a run. In the 11th inning of the next game, against Detroit, Maris delivered the first bases-loaded home run of the 1957 major league season, and the Indians won 8-3.

For years Brooklyn has been known as the only city of 3 million people in the world without a mayor, a daily newspaper or a left fielder. Now Brooklyn has a left fielder, and after the opening victory over Philadelphia he might have won a few votes for mayor, too. His name is Gino Cimoli. Last year, up with the Dodgers for the first time, he stayed around all season in a rather inactive capacity, playing an occasional late inning on defense because of his fielding ability and great arm but seldom getting a chance to hit. In fact all season Gino had only four hits. In his first two 1957 games he equaled that milestone. After first hitting two singles, Cimoli beat the Phils in the 12th inning with a home run; two days later he singled his first time up and scored as the Dodgers went on to beat the Pirates 6-1.

St. Louis hoped it might patch up a glaring deficiency in center field with 22-year-old Bobby Gene Smith. In the opener against Cincinnati, Smith hit a two-run homer and a single as the Cards won 13-4. On Thursday they lost to the Cubs (10-2) on a four-hitter by Chicago's 21-year-old sophomore, Moe Drabowsky, but Smith got the only extra-base hit, a double, and scored one of the runs.

The Phillies lost their first two but it wasn't the fault of Bob Bowman; a rookie right fielder, he had five hits. It was the fault of Rookie First Baseman Ed Bouchee, however, that the Phillies finally won their third. The husky young slugger, after warming up with a double and a triple in the two opening losses, sparked a 6-5 victory over the Giants with two singles, a double and a home run in four at bats. What beat the Phils in the second game was a three-run homer by Gail Harris, a springtime wonder for three years whom the Giants finally decided to give a real chance at first base.

There were others. Jim Landis, for example, has taken over an outfield spot for the White Sox with authority; he batted .400 as the Sox swept their first three games. Carl Potts, a rookie right fielder for the Orioles, drove in the winning run to beat Washington 7-6 in 11 innings on opening day. And all around the league the youngsters were playing good baseball—all of them, that is, except the young man who may be the best of the lot. His name was Tony Kubek and he wasn't playing for anybody. He was sitting on the Yankee bench.

There is little doubt in anyone's mind, however, that Anthony Christopher Kubek Jr. of the Milwaukee Kubeks will play a lot of baseball before the 1957 season is over. He will play for the simple reason that he is too good to ride anyone's bench, even the Yankees'. Where the others have won jobs because their ball clubs needed someone to fill those jobs, Tony Kubek has won a job where there was really none to start with.

A big (6 feet 3 inches, 190 pounds), rangy youngster with blond hair and blue eyes set in a strong Polish face, he came to the Yankee rookie school at St. Petersburg with glowing credentials. In three seasons of organized baseball, Tony had never hit under .331.

He played shortstop for a while until McDougald was ready, and then he helped out Slaughter in left one day, and when Mantle stepped in a hole and twisted his ankle, Kubek played center. And wherever he played he did a good job; he caught the ball and he made the throws, he ran the bases and he hit. When the Yankees finally returned home to start the 1957 pennant race, it was discovered that young Tony Kubek had played in more spring games (33), had more at bats (129), made more hits (34), scored more runs (14) and batted in more runs (17) than anyone on the roster. It was quite apparent that a 20-year-old left-hand hitting rookie named Tony Kubek had won a starting job as the left fielder of the World Champion New York Yankees. Except that on opening day Elton Howard was in left and Tony Kubek sat on the bench. Someone had forgotten to notify Stengel.

Whether Casey really held him out of the early games

continued

## THE YOUNG IN HEART

continued

(Tony didn't start the second or third games of the season at Boston, either) because he was trying to break the boy in slowly or because of other, more involved Stengel strategy, no one will ever know. The ways of Casey Stengel can sometimes be strange indeed. But all you have to do to find out what Casey thinks of this new rookie of his is to ask him; the next thing you have to worry about is how to turn him off.

"Mantle and Berri are outstanding on this ball club," the Yankee manager says, "but you might say he can do everything about as well as any of the other fellows I got. He can hit and field and throw and he can run and he's alert out there and he's only 20. He hit over .330 every place he's been and if he can hit .300 up here, that's good enough. If I didn't have that McDougald at shortstop, he'd be my shortstop but I got McDougald so he's gonna play left field. Now that's a tough spot in Yankee Stadium but he can do it and if he just doesn't worry about this being the Yankees and play like he did every place else he'll be my left fielder."

So Kubek is going to be the left fielder of the Yankees—when Casey gets around to it. If there are any other doubts, all you have to do is know more about Tony Kubek. The first major league baseball game he ever saw was in Yankee Stadium, the only team he was ever really interested in playing for was the Yankees, and the first uniform he ever pulled on after signing a professional baseball contract was a Yankee uniform. It has been used before with other

people but if ever a young man was born to be a Yankee, it was Tony Kubek.

"It's something," he says in his quiet way, "that you only dream about. Now it's all come true."

His father (the name is pronounced Koo-beck) was a ballplayer, too, and hit .357 for Milwaukee of the American Association in 1931, five years before Tony was born. The elder Kubek, despite his hitting and speed, couldn't throw and never reached the big leagues but he always had ambitions for his only son and taught him what he knew; although careful not to push young Tony into the game, Tony Sr. was just as careful to see that the opportunity for Tony Jr. to play baseball was always there—if he wanted to. Tony Jr. wanted to.

"I guess I was always playing baseball some place," he says. "It's about all I remember wanting to do."

It is a baseball family, and only once did Jennie Kubek ever forbid her son to go out to play ball. She doesn't remember why now, but on that occasion she locked him in the attic; a few minutes later, looking out the window, she saw first a baseball glove and then a bat come down on a string. Figuring that the next thing down the string would be Tony, she let him out.

But in addition to baseball, Tony also played football (all-city and second string all-state), basketball (all-city) and ran track, setting school records in both the high and low hurdles. When he graduated from Milwaukee's Bay View High in 1953 at the age of 16 the college recruiters were packed so deep around the Kubek front porch that the baseball scouts had a tough time massting in.

"I guess," says Tony, "that if I had gone any place to

## HIGHLIGHT

NOT ALL the kudos of the opening week of baseball belonged to the youngsters. In Chicago 36-year-old Warren Spahn, who has won over 200 games during his 11-year career, started Milwaukee toward its widely predicted pennant by defeating the Cubs 4-1 and followed with a second victory five days later. In Brooklyn, Sal Maglie, who was born 20 days after the U.S. entered World War I, beat the Pittsburgh Pirates, many of whom barely remember World War II. Yet the first perfect performance of the fresh season came from an oldster who already wears more laurels than any other active player: 36-year-old Stan Musial.

It was a warm, murky day, and visibility was poor as the St. Louis Cardinals opened the season in Cincinnati. To quiet their abdominal butterflies the younger Cardinals clowned around before the game, and one of the jokes was to ask Stan Musial, who was about to start his 16th opener, if he was nervous. Musial just grinned and let his bat answer for him.

In the first inning with one out and



CROUCHING STAN MUSIAL (9), CARDS' AGING HERO AWAITS PITCH FROM REDLEG KLIPPSTEIN

Al Dark on second, Stan faced Redleg Starter Johnny Klippstein. The pitcher fired a low fast ball, and Musial drove it to right-center field for a run-scoring double. When he came to bat in the third inning, the Crosley Field lights had been turned on. Don Blasingame was on third, and two were out. This time Klippstein solved the Musial problem by walking him. Two innings later there was one out, and Dark was on first base. Klippstein tried another low fast ball and again Musial doubled to right center.

By the sixth inning, Klippstein had

departed in favor of Left-hander Don Gross. There was one out, Blasingame was on second and the ever-present Dark on first. Gross tried a curve, and Musial stroked it into right field.

The Cardinals were well ahead when Musial came to bat for the last time with Herb Freeman on the mound and, sure enough, Dark on first. Freeman tried a high fast ball. Musial sent it skipping through the infield for his fourth hit. That left Musial just 215 hits short of a lifetime mark of 3,000 which only seven players in history have reached.

—W.B.

play football, it would have been Notre Dame. But I wanted to play baseball."

He had won a trip the summer before to New York to play in the annual Hearst Sandlot Game, and it was there that Tony not only saw his first big league game but there that the big league scouts also saw Tony. During the next year and a half, he talked to representatives of the Red Sox, Indians, Giants, Braves and half a dozen others. But once Tony worked out with the Yankees, no other club had a chance.

So that December, barely past his 17th birthday, Tony Kubek signed a contract and became a Yankee—more or less. Each spring he reported to the rookie school at St. Petersburg, where Stengel and the Yankee coaches, particularly Frankie Crosetti, would give him guidance and teach this valuable young man the things he should know. And each spring, out he would go to the bush leagues to learn, the only way one ever really learns, to be a ballplayer. It was evident that he was learning fast. At Owensboro in the Class D Kitty League in 1954 Tony hit .344. At Quincy in the Class B Three-I League in 1955 Tony hit .334. And last year at Denver, bothered half the season by a hairline fracture in one foot and looking most of the time like a scared kid who couldn't really believe he was playing Triple-A ball, he hit .331, made the all-star team and, at 19, became the youngest Rookie of the Year in the history of the American Association. This spring there just wasn't any place left for him to go—even if there wasn't a spot for him, he had to become a Yankee.

Tony Kubek believes Stengel is a great manager, but it is Crosetti, the slick Yankee shortstop of the '30s and '40s, who has helped Tony most.

"He's taught me just about everything I know," Kubek says. "How to play my position, all the little inside things; how to run the bases and how to slide. All of that. But everybody has been good about helping me. Bauer has helped me a lot in the outfield and when I play alongside Mickey, he gives me tips on the hitters."

"Sure I'd still rather play shortstop. There's more to keep you busy there. And I know more about it. I'm having a little trouble with my throws—I've got to learn to get more height on them, to arch them a little. I keep wanting to throw everything on a line, like I did in the infield, and you can't do that out there. But everything else seems to be all right. The main thing is, I want to play. I'd rather be the left fielder for the Yankees," he grins, "than the shortstop at Denver."

#### Determination and line drives

For those who envision all great Yankee players in the old thunderous tradition of Gehrig and Ruth and DiMaggio—or in the equally thunderous image of a newer Yankee named Mantle—Kubek will be a disappointment. He doesn't hit many home runs despite his size and strength; in fact, of all players in baseball today, Tony comes closest to resembling a left-hand hitting Harvey Kuenn. He has an excellent eye at the plate, what Bill Dickey calls "quick hands on the bat" and great determination. He is a young man who has come to play baseball and he intends to play it.

He is so quiet and sometimes so bashful that it is hard to realize there is a young man named Tony Kubek around. Says one of the Denver officials, "He never even dated a girl here all last year and though he claimed he had dates back in Milwaukee, I don't think any of the other players believed it."

But on the ball field, when the occasion arises, Tony



QUICK HANDS AND GOOD EYES make 20-year-old Tony Kubek tough at the plate. In three seasons, he has never hit under .331.

Kubek can be a pretty rough young man indeed. He goes into second base like a runaway truck, was fined \$25 once last year for starting a fight and on another occasion startled everyone by tangling with one of baseball's noisiest citizens, Eddie Stanky. Stanky, then managing Minneapolis, came charging out of the dugout one night into the middle of a violent rhubarb, began to squawk, and even after things had quieted down every place else was still standing out in the middle of the diamond squawking. At which point, Tony yelled from his shortstop position: "Oh, get off the field, you little termite." As the Denver ballplayers exploded, the peppery Stanky whirled around in astonishment and with pure reflex action yelled back: "Listen, you, you better learn to play shortstop before you tell me how to manage." But somehow his heart wasn't in it. When Kubek said, "If you want to make something of it, step across that line," Stanky just took one more amazed stare, shook his head sadly and walked slowly back into his dugout. Tony's delighted teammates could talk of nothing else for days; Tony still gets embarrassed when he thinks about it.

There is little danger, however, that Tony Kubek will turn into a Billy Martin or a Whitley Ford. He says "ar" to anyone even a few months his senior and almost caused a New York sportswriter to think he'd ended up in the wrong place when one day at Yankee Stadium Tony called him "Mister." "My God," the writer said, "that's the first time in my life a ballplayer ever called me Mister."

Yet the kid is a ballplayer. All he wants now is a chance to play ball so that he can prove it. (END)

# PRIDE OF ITALY

In Rome's great International Horse Show, it rests in the remarkable brothers D'Inzeo

by LUIGI BARZINI JR.

**S**PREAD OUT over the brilliant greenward of the Piazza di Siena under ancient parasol pines, Rome's International Horse Show is one of the most beautiful sporting spectacles in the world. Like a great painting come to life, it has, in a rare combination, the mellow patina of tradition and the lively gloss of international society, the whole blended with the ebullience of Italy's effervescent spirit and the particular warmth of Rome's timeless, golden sun. In that incomparable light, horsemen, the very best of them from all over the world, wheel and trot and jump and gallop in intricate maneuvers in the first—and one of the greatest—of the season's international equestrian shows.

This year the Rome horse show will be held from April 24 to May 1, launching once again a round of events that will take horses and riders through most of the major cities of Europe in the summer months and many of them to the U.S. in the fall. The graceful Spaniards will be there, the Irish and the British on their rangy hunters, the French, elegant bearers of the Saumur Cavalry School tradition; and, of course, the Italians—and the Italians, this year, as for the past several years, can be summed up and symbolized in the persons of two men: the brothers Raimondo and Piero D'Inzeo.

The D'Inzeo brothers are the two best horsemen in Italy, and among the eight or 10 best in the world. They look so much alike that many think they are twins. Actually they were born two years apart. Both had the same sheltered and severely scheduled youth, both were trained early by their father, an awe-inspiring cavalry instructor, on the same difficult horses, over the same jumps. Now, in their early 30s, famous champions both, they ride as if they had never known each other. Their styles, their approach to horsemanship, to international competitions, to show jumping in general have gradually become fundamentally dissimilar. Their careers have sharply differed. "There is no sure recipe, in riding as in every art," said Piero recently. "The mastery of a perfect technique takes a lifetime, but mastery is merely sufficient to become good, even very good. It is not enough to become great. From excellence to greatness a man is alone. He must count on imponderables, his own instinctive resources, his character and his secret gifts. These are never the same for two people, not even for brothers."

Piero is considered by experts, but only by experts, to be the better rider. The famous Italian horsemen of the past, the gentlemen of 50 or 60 who competed in international horse shows before the war and have now, since they no longer ride, become more and more difficult to please, think Piero is the most complete and accomplished horseman ever produced in Italy, even better than they themselves were in their prime. Raimondo, on the other hand, wins more prizes and is the present World

Champion, a title won at Aachen, Germany in July 1956.

Horsemanship is as important in Italy as modern painting is in Paris, and for approximately the same reasons. For many centuries the art of riding and the art of painting had changed little until the Italians developed what is known abroad as the "forward seat" and the French, *impressionisme*. The Italian development was, for riding, no less revolutionary than was the French for painting. It was the creation of one man, Federico Caprilli, who at the end of the last century succeeded in formulating a style of riding that freed the horse from the unnatural strictures of its rider and allowed it, to a greater degree than ever before, to follow its natural style in jumping. The Caprilli-trained horse is no longer a performing animal doing difficult tricks under duress. While it is still in captivity and still carries a man on its back, it can nonetheless follow all the natural movements that would come to it spontaneously at liberty or at play.

Other horsemen, even Caprilli's fellow countrymen, were slow to adopt the new technique (Caprilli himself was killed in a fall in 1907), but after the interruption of World War I, in the early '20s, Italian cavalry schools developed a large group of younger officers trained in the Caprilli style. They were considered at the time the best in the world. Instructors from all over (including the United States) came to Finero and to Tor di Quinto, the postgraduate

*Text continued on page 17*

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## SPECTACLE

### The Rome Horse Show

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID SEYMOUR

Pomp, circumstance and the lively gaiety of a top-flight international crowd always make the International Horse Show in Rome a very special equestrian event. The old pines, the traditional uniforms, the international celebrities and the dark-eyed Roman children equally intent upon the complex and precise happenings in the ring—all these are captured here by the camera of a great photographer to whose art these pages are, in a sense, a final tribute. For David Seymour, who took these photographs, died not long afterward in the Middle East, the victim of a war far away from the happy scenes shown here



**Carabinieri at ease** in traditional Napoleonic uniforms, watch class in hippodrome before going on duty at side of the course

**April shower** causes forearmed spectators to hoist umbrellas briefly. Seats are on stone stairs that encircle Piazza di Siena.





Pines of Rome surround the Piazza di Siena where contestants with honor guard of cavalrymen parade





In April sun during the second day of competition, Horse show site is in center of historic Borghese Park



Testing jumper for friend, Italy's Olympic silver medal winner Raimondo D'Inzeo rounds course during the seventh day

Poised whip, 7-year-old Gabriellina Fratta, waits outside the ring with groom. Her father is a Shetland pony breeder in Ostia.



Relaxed celebrity, spectator Ingrid Bergman smiles at friends in open-air bar opposite gate where horses enter the hippodrome.



## PRIDE OF ITALY

*continued*

school near Rome, to study. The forward seat conquered the world.

Like all new and successful schools, when the Founder's immediate influence begins to wane, the Italian riding technique degenerated. The crisis in the Italian riding school came just before World War II. Nobody worried about it at the time, as the crack regiments and all the best riders were sent to Russia. It was the last campaign in which cavalry could be thought useful. One regiment, the Savoy Cavalry, was probably the last in the long history of European warfare to charge the enemy. The officers rode at the head of their men, sword in hand, shouting the old cry of "Savoià Savoia!" followed by the thunder of hoofs in a cloud of dust. The Russians sat tight and sprayed men and horses with machine gun bullets. The losses were terrific but useful. The counterattack had freed infantry units from a dangerous situation. With this episode and with the death of General Cigala Fulgosi in Croatia, the Italian cavalry had written the last glorious pages of its long history. After the armistice between the Allies and Italy, September 1943, the general and his men joined the Yugoslav partisans. He was captured. He was given a choice between being sentenced to death or betraying his country. He chose death. Facing the firing squad, he asked for one minute, pulled out his gloves and carefully put them on. Then he gave the order: "Fire!"

The postwar Italian army, like most other armies, eliminated all horses. A few decorative mounted units were kept for ceremonial use, the famous Carabinieri squadrons, a handful of policemen and the King's Guards of Corazzieri, who are now the President's. Everybody agreed that cavalry was dead. Everybody except one stubborn and modest man, a former noncommissioned officer, who held a different opinion, Carlo Costante D'Inzeo, father of Piero and Raimondo.

Carlo Costante D'Inzeo was born at the end of the last century in a remote village in the Abruzzi, Montecellone, in the province of Campobasso, inhabited mainly by the descendants of the Albanians who emigrated there four centuries ago. In 1915, at the beginning of World War I, he volunteered and was sent to a cavalry regiment. He fought well and was decorated for bravery. He was good with horses. He loved and understood them. At the end, when peace came, he asked to re-enlist. He had found the life he liked. He became a sergeant, riding instructor in various regiments, then sergeant major, later chief instructor in Piemonte Reale, the Royal Piedmontese Dragoons, garrisoned in Rome, the smartest regiment of all. In 1926 he won the army riding championship. After that he was sent to Pinerolo to teach the finer points of the Caprilli method to cadets and younger officers. He could go no higher in the army.

When the government decided to create an athletic university, at La Farnesina in Rome, in which trainers for all sports could be instructed to teach in high schools and colleges, the army was asked to suggest a good man for the post of dean of the horse faculty. D'Inzeo was appointed. He set about to preserve and improve Caprilli's teachings; he taught, with passionate dedication, the management and care of horses in the stables, the breaking and training of colts but, above all, he tried to transmit to his pupils the traditional qualities of courtesy, fairness, discipline, self-control, cool-headedness and disregard for danger, which traditionally make a gentleman and without



**READY AT HOME.** D'Inzeo brothers await turn in ring. Raimondo (right) this year rides with arm in cast after recent injury.

which, it is said, horses cannot be managed efficiently.

The best pupils he turned out were, naturally, his two sons. Piero was born on March 4, 1923 and was put on the saddle in the Maseo barracks in Rome, at the age of 8. Raimondo, born on February 8, 1925, was given his first lesson by his father at the age of 10. Piero took to riding immediately. Raimondo cried the first time. He was frightened by the big animal under him and by the unfamiliar motion. Carlo Costante slapped his face.

"Our life," reminisced Raimondo not long ago, "was different from that of other boys. We went to school in the morning, we rode in the afternoon, and we spent every evening doing our homework. All our days were the same, for years, as far back as I can remember. We never had time for frivolous amusements, friends, games, parties or movies. Papa was especially severe with us to show he played no favorites and to set a good example to other pupils."

### Work, study, ride

But the brothers loved their riding lessons. The only punishment they feared was to be without them for a few days. For that they studied hard and almost always had good marks. The horses papa gave them to work on at La Farnesina were difficult, stubborn, unruly, unpredictable; horses other pupils did not want. Thus the brothers learned to ride all kinds of mounts with equal ease, automatically adjusting their behavior to each horse's particular character and mood.

In the late '30s the boys started competing in provincial horse shows for young people and won their first prizes. Then the war came. Piero was 17, a cadet at the military academy at Modena; Raimondo, 15, was finishing high school. When the armistice was signed with the Allies in September 1943, the King and his government retreated south, the Wehrmacht occupied the north, and the Italians started fighting the Germans to help liberate their country. Meanwhile the Fascists, around Mussolini, made a last stand. Piero made a dash south to join his father, his brother and the legal government. He left Modena with a few other cadets and all the horses they could ride and lead.

*continued on page 52*



STICK-SWINGING SCRAMBLE BY WEST POINTERS (DARK JERSEYS) UPSETS PRINCETON GOALIE JAY LEHR, WHO HAD VENTURED OUT OF CREASE

DETERMINED CABOT MOON MULLINS CHARGES PRINCETON GOAL. STICK UPRaised, FOR SECOND OF HIS TWO SCORES DURING THE AFTERNOON



**THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT**

# READY... ACTION... CONTACT!

For 60 minutes last Saturday some husky gentlemen of West Point entertained rivals from Princeton in the rough, ready and eminently body-contact sport of lacrosse, a game whose fervent followers (see page 22) proudly describe as the most rousing, demanding spring sport of all. Princeton Tigers won 5-4 in the 17th renewal of their rivalry with Army

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MREK

ARMY DEFENSEMAN ART JOHNSON (8), WEST POINT END IN FOOTBALL SEASON, MISSES A BLOCKING CHARGE AIMED AT PRINCETON ATTACKER



## SUMMERS TO THE DECK

Thanks to an anonymous, overheated fan who flung an empty whisky bottle out of the upper stands at Briggs Stadium, felling Umpire Bill Summers, Detroit took an early-season lead for the uncoveted title of the rowdiest audience in the majors. Meanwhile, Detroit's Tigers lost three straight games



SUMMERS IN BASEBALL ISSUE (APRIL 15)



**THE STADIUM USHERS**, one of them carrying off the mis-  
sile, gather around fallen Umpire Bill Summers, who was struck

painfully in the thigh. Luckily, his injury was not serious. Said Summers: "What a thing for baseball. It could have killed me."



THE CAMERA CATCHES LEW BURDETTE IN HIS IS-IT-OR-ISN'T-IT-A-SPITTER FLOY, WITH ACTION TO THE BROW, MOUTH, UNDOVELED LEFT HAND

## LEW BURDETTE TO THE MOUTH

The old spitball controversy, after simmering on baseball's hot stove all winter, boiled up again in Milwaukee with second day of the season, may boil all summer

I GO TO MY MOUTH, I'm up around the peak of my hat, I'm wiping the perspiration off my forehead or out of my eyes. But I never intentionally wet the ball."

So said Lew Burdette, Milwaukee's six-hit, 4-0 victor over Cincinnati. But Birdie Tebbets, Cincinnati manager, thought otherwise last week.

"A spitter is the easiest pitch in the world to spot," he said. "It's very fast, as fast as a fast ball, and it breaks sharply and unpredictably. It doesn't spin. And I would like to say from the point of view of 16½ years of catching in the major leagues that Burdette is just about the best spitballer I ever saw."

Cincinnati's general manager, Gabe Paul, filed a protest with the National League, and interestingly enough the protest asked primarily for clarification of Rule 8.02, which says, in substance, that a pitcher is not allowed to apply any foreign matter to the ball. In his letter to Warren C. Giles, president of the National League, Paul said, "Birdie has made it clear that he is not protesting the use

of the spitball itself. He is protesting the violation of the rule, which could lead to use of the spitball."

This points up a peculiar ambivalence in the major league attitude on the spitball. Among many major leaguers the feeling is growing that the spitter should be returned to the arsenal of the bedeviled pitchers. It is an easy pitch to throw and one which might restore the balance between offense and defense which has tipped heavily to the attack with the rabbit ball and the power hitter. That it is thrown, and regularly, by some pitchers was made clear when Preacher Roe admitted it in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (July 4, '55).

In the wake of Roe's admission, a retired umpire, Bill Stewart, admitted that he knew Preacher was throwing it at times. But he seldom did anything about it. "The umpire has to call for the ball, but the chances of his detecting anything are nil," said Stewart.

Maybe the best way to end the spitball rhubarb would be to bring back the spitball.

(END)

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

FORTY-SEVEN STARTS FOR STENGEL • LACROSSE BESIDE THE HUDSON • BOYS IN THE WOODS • THE DAILY DOUBLE STRIKES TWICE • UMPIRE IN THE BUSH • CALISTHENICS FOR CHICKENS

## CASEY ON OPENERS

OF the 30,000 and more persons who watched the opening of the 1967 baseball season at Yankee Stadium, no one was less impressed with the crackling excitement and festive air than the gnarled little man with the white hair and bowlegs sitting in the dugout of the World Champions. For many among the thousands, it was their first opening day. For others, it was their second or seventh or 17th. For Casey Stengel, it was his 47th—and he doesn't think too much of them.

"Your first opener was 1910, wasn't it, Case?" a writer asked the Yankee manager.

Casey nodded.

"This is No. 48, huh, Casey?" the man asked.

Stengel shook his head. "Forty-seven," he growled.

The man was puzzled. "First was 1910, this is 1967, that's . . . oh, you missed one."

Casey winked.

"You were sick?" the man suggested.

Casey shook his head. "Now you're guessing," he said. "I'm not gonna tell you."

He walked two steps down the dugout and whirled around. "That was the year the Dodgers paid me not to manage." A delighted grin spread over the wrinkled face as he thought of 1937. "Nicest year I ever spent. No problems and those checks kept coming in anyway."

"Well, Casey," another asked, "which opener did you like best?"

"Which one did I like best?" Casey growled. He looked around. "Well, I kinda like this one. It's warmer than it was last year."

"No," the man said patiently, "I mean which one do you remember best?"

"I don't remember much about

openers," Stengel said, heading out for the batting cage where Mickey Mantle was hitting left-handed against Bob Turley. "Ask me sometime about the closers. I can tell you where I was every year on the last day of the season. That's what counts."

And off he went, anxious to get his 47th opening day under way in the direction of his 47th closing day—which is what counts.

## AFTERNOON AT THE POINT

THE GREEN, sun-splashed campus at West Point crawled with tourists over Easter weekend. Saturday was one of those balmy, shirtsleeves-and-convertible days that attracted twice the normal complement of pretty girls and beaming cadets, not to mention automobile loads of citizen tourists on pilgrimage to historic ground. The enlisted men on a cleanup detail eyed the activity with a stoicism born of years of Mondays spent spearing crackerjack

boxes and empty cigaret packets, and began sharpening their pointed sticks.

Despite the overflow traffic, the baseball bleachers which seat close to 3,000 were near-deserted as the Army jayvees lost to Danbury State 7-0. There was similar apathy down on the track where the Army thinclads were running a losing cause to the University of Maryland. Instead, the crowds flocked to see Army play Princeton in one of the least-played, least-understood, yet most American game in college sports—lacrosse.

West Point lost this one, too, 5-4, but the disappointment of losing somehow vanished in the thrill of the play.

"This is a sport that creeps up on you," said Morris Touchstone, Army coach. He sat cross-legged on the players' bench by the side of the 120-yard playing field. His hands fingered a piece of chalk, and he drew plays on the bench as he talked.

"We don't get lacrosse players at the

continued

## CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

### • Long Count on Chickens

In Miami last week, an alumnus of the University of Oklahoma took a long look into the future, began negotiations for a 1,000-seat breakfast before the Orange Bowl game. Meanwhile, back in Norman, Hypnotist Franz Polgar lent his blessing to the project, after reading Coach Bud Wilkinson's mind from 120 miles away: "He has more faith than ever before," said Polgar.

### • Tennis Gambit

Law Hood, who carries the weight of the Australian Davis Cup on his shoulders, scoffed at rumors of a \$125,000 offer from Jack Kramer to turn pro this fall, but indicated that it is just a matter of time. The \$125,000 offer may have discouraged a potential rival promoter, Pancho (Champion) Gonzalez.

### • How To Create Incentive

Frank Lane, the indefatigable trader who guides the fortunes of the St. Louis Cardinals, traded fancy-felding Bobby Del Greco to the Cubs one evening last week. Next day, Del Greco (.214 last year) beat the Cards with a pinch-hit.

### • Peripatetic Dodgers

The Brooklyn Dodgers, eyeing Los Angeles as a relief from the fiscal and physical discomforts of Brooklyn, have been offered a home in Queens. But Dodger President Walter O'Malley wants concrete proof of good intentions, awaits construction on the former site of the World's Fair at Flushing Meadow.





Try to picture it! Your own friendly neighborhood tavern. You, standing behind a mahogany paneled bar, saying, "What'd you have?" Are you going to let him stand in the way of all that?"

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

academy. They come to me raw, green. Most of them never saw a stick before. It is a handicap. I have to teach them to play against men who have had lacrosse sticks in their hands since they were old enough to walk. I can't develop a 'stick game' in four years, so we have to play a hard-running, hard-checking game. We have to rely on conditioning to wear the other fellow down."

At the end of the first quarter, Princeton was leading Army 1-0. A solemn Coach Touchstone joined the huddle of panting, exhausted Army players sprawled on the field. "They're going to whip you. They're playing to win and they're going to whip you," he said.

Moon Mullins, an Army mid-fielder who would score two goals before the afternoon was over, panted:

"Coach, you're leaving us in too long. You got to send in a new mid-field line more often, Coach. They're killing us when we get tired."

Touchstone eyed Mullins coldly. "No ahhs, Mullins. Princeton is out-playing you."

Bill Yates, a big Army defenseman, tried to fire the team. "We're not mad enough, guys. Get mad. We can take 'em. We got to watch our passing, we got to press them. We're just letting them bring the ball up without pressing them."

Army caught fire for a while and tied the score. Art Johnson, a defenseman who played first-string end on the West Point football team, hit Princeton's Cheston Morris so hard that Morris was brought up in mid-stride in mid-air, a dazed, surprised look on his face. Army got the ball and scored again. It was an agonizingly even game. The score went 1-1, 2-2, 3-3, 4-4. And then in the last period Princeton went ahead. Just before the Tigers got their winning score, Army called a time-out. The West Pointers lay gasping despite the fact that each man was in the peak of physical condition. Princeton's superior stick game had kept them running, running, running until there was very little left in any one of them. Art Johnson turned to a man next to him. "I don't know what's the matter," he said. He gazed down at his bruised and purpling legs, red-wetted from stick checks. Moon Mullins was gasping, too tired to wipe the river of sweat that trickled down his forehead into his eyes. A small stream of blood ran along his jawbone from a gash on his right

cheek. The Army men wanted to win badly. They had won three straight and Princeton had lost four straight. But they just did not have it any more.

Johnson knew it. During one of the last time-outs he gazed off the field toward the stands and toward a young lady in a pink sweater and dark glasses. "Thirty-five days," he said. "Thirty-five days, we're going to be married. Three-thirty in the afternoon." Then they went back to lacrosse.

## SAVAGES IN THE SIERRA

THE WEATHER WAS nasty in the high Sierra north of Truckee, Calif. last week; there was snow, rain or sleet every day, and the temperature often went down to 15° at night. But 234 teen-age (14 to 17) Explorer Scouts from California and Nevada, who spent most of the week scattered—in parties of nine or 10—around the pine-forested mountain wilderness near Rice Canyon, proved they were capable of coping very well with nature in the raw. As participants in the sixth annual survival training school held for Boy Scouts by Stead Air Force Base at Carson City, Nev., each gang had only the equipment allowed air combat crews undergoing the same training—pocket knives, compasses, matches, sleeping bags, two or three parachutes (for shelter), a couple of axes and shovels and a very meager supply of C rations.

Each group was commanded and shepherded by an Air Force survival training instructor, and before starting out the whole force of boys was given two days of instruction. But after they were trucked into the mountains they led the sort of half-savage existence which is, historically speaking, the



birthright of American boys but which few ever have a chance to try.

State game laws prevented their hunting most forest animals, but the hungriest and hardest killed, skinned and stewed porcupines and pronounced them edible. The rest were taught how to kill, skin and cook rabbits, provided by the Air Force; a good many boys were reluctant to kill their rabbits (they were taught to hit the animals across the neck with one hand) and afterward had certain qualms about eating them. One fast-talking youngster, in fact, persuaded his instructor to let him keep his rabbit as a pet and

brought it back to civilization in his jacket. But in general they took to the rugged and difficult life; they lived in tepees made of parachutes, kept fires going despite the weather, learned to track without any lights in the pitch-darkness by crawling on hands and knees and groping for footprints in the snow, and endured cold and relative hunger without complaint. One boy, indeed, had to be talked out of trying to walk back to San Francisco when the week was over.

Back at the air base (where the rabbit owner instantly requisitioned lettuce leaves for his pet) the tired and smoke-stained pioneers spoke rhapsodically of central heating and hot water—and ate and ate and ate. But they also felt confident of their ability to exist in the wilderness if the need ever came. "We may not be as good as Jim Bridger [famed mountain man of the 1840s] yet," said one 16-year-old, "but we sure feel we could take care of ourselves."

## ECONOMICS AT JAMAICA

HIS WAS a rather small man, and he wore a shiny blue suit, an anxious expression and a wisp of a mustache which recalled a dictator of infamous memory. But what he really looked like was a horseplayer of the nonscientific, mystical dally-double type, the type which still believes that you only have to hit it once and quit.

He hit the first leg, with a \$10 ticket on the 30-to-1 shot, Pridelul. This preliminary success understandably unnerved our hero, who wisely decided to retire to Jamaica's sleazy clubhouse bar and think the whole thing over. During the 27 minutes which separated the "official" on the first race and post time on the second, he imbibed in rapid succession some score of Scotch and sodas. He didn't care to watch his horse in the second race, who was called O.K. Bud and who won at 60 to 1. A friend rushed into the bar to give him this welcome news. Our hero (whose name is available neither to our readers nor to income tax inspectors) weaved a perilous path to the cashier's window and collected his 17-thousand-and-some dollars, mostly in \$100 bills. Then, like some refugee from George Orwell's 1984, he instinctively looked for a uniform of authority to which to turn. The nearest was filled by a genial representative of Pinckertons National Detective Agency, and this Big Brother showed no surprise when his lapels were gripped by the fabulous winner

continued

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## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

who pleaded, "Take me home, take me home." No sooner pleaded than done. A Carey Cadillac was commandeered and the darling of fortune whisked away.

### THE VIEW IS WORTH THE CLIMB

THE ambitious young man—the one who works hard, lives frugally and plans his advancement with care—is an American folk figure. He is also a reality that can be seen at every bus stop. People usually associate him with a business enterprise; it seems odd, somehow, that there are young men who work hard and live frugally in the hope that some day they will become umpires in major league baseball and, like Bill Summers (see page 20), the almost legendary targets of civic abuse.

But such young fellows do exist. Major league umpires come from the minors, just as the players do. All over the country young umpires are sweating out apprenticeships in the bushes, dreaming of better hall parks and bigger pay checks.

Lou Isert of the Florida State League (Class D) is a good example of those who sweat and dream. He is 33, a bachelor, a onetime catcher in the minors. He takes his job very seriously. ("I try to work the game without taking a drink of water. If the umpire is always going to the dugout for a drink, he can be asking for trouble.") He lives frugally. ("I make 300 bucks a month and it's pretty closely budgeted. We get free lodging in the city where the game is played. The home team pays for it. But everything else is on us.") And he plans his future carefully. ("I've had offers from Class C and even Class B leagues. But I felt I needed more experience. I'm working on my timing, especially on plays at bases. You've got to make that call just at the right split second, you know.")

In his 1954 Ford, Lou drives back and forth across the southern part of Florida, from St. Petersburg to Cocoa to Palatka, and to the other towns on the circuit. He drives by day (often with another umpire who shares the cost of gas and oil) and does his work at night.

"I spend about \$4.50 a day for food. No fat mignons, you understand. More of hamburgers, medium rare. But we try to tip well enough to indicate we're at least Class A umpires." When Saturday afternoon comes, he

sits at the feet of the masters. "I watch the major league Game of the Week on television, concentrating on the umpires. It's my only chance to see how the big fellows do it."

It may be that umpires think of themselves as the final guardians of the essences of baseball, as the priests who keep the ritual pure. Nobody really knows whether they do or not. But they would seem to need some such attitude to sustain them through a season. Fans rarely speak to them except in anger, and perhaps rarely think of them as having any human qualities other than defective vision and stubbornness. The audience for which they perform is no bigger than that of a theoretical physicist or a scholar in medieval law: practically nobody can appreciate the fine points of their work except other umpires. It sounds like a tough life.

"Sure, it's tough," says Lou Isert. "But," he adds, and his deep-set eyes spark with ambition, just like those of a young department store executive or a lieutenant j.g., "if I can make it to the big leagues, it will be worth it."

### A FABLE FROM THE LAB

ONCE BY ONE, and sponsored by science, the old-fashioned virtues are coming back into style. Right now the vogue is for exercise. It is no longer merely something the old family doctor used to speak well of. Nowadays, exercise is the handy means by which well-fed executives may keep the cholesterol level low in their blood, and thus avoid coronary attacks.

Coronary attacks (according to many, but not all, investigators) are

caused by diets too rich in certain fats. Somewhat changed in form, the fats collect in the arteries and tend to clog them. When the heart's own arteries become clogged, the result is fatal. In a land like the United States, which flows not only with milk and honey but with butter and cream and gravy as well, it is difficult to avoid eating too many fats.

But it is beginning to appear that Americans may keep their luxurious diet—the richest in the world—and yet cut down their annual quota of coronary attacks, which is the highest in the world.

In Washington, D.C., Dr. Harry Wong of Howard University and Dr. Frank Johnson of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology obtained a flock of baby chicks and fed them a high-fat diet of starter mash fortified with cottonseed oil and cholesterol. Some of the chicks were simply fed and left alone. The others—and this wasn't easy to do—were put through a brisk 30-minute workout twice a day.

How do you make a baby chick take exercise? Well, Dr. Wong and Dr. Johnson put them in a treadmill, a circular wire cage roughly the size of an oil drum, which revolved at about 18 rpm. Two chicks out of three refused flatly to cooperate and so were assigned to other duties, but every third chick trotted busily along in the treadmill as if someone had told him the skies were falling, and kept going until the thing stopped turning.

The procedure—30 minutes of exercise, morning and afternoon—was kept up for seven weeks. Then the two biologists examined the blood and organs of both groups of chicks. Last week in Chicago, members of the Federation of American Societies of Experimental Biology learned what the two men had found: the treadmill chicks showed lower levels of cholesterol in the blood, and less clogging of coronary arteries, than the sedentary chicks—and by huge margins.

There was also, of course, a control group of chicks which had no extra fats added to their mash and took no exercise. They had just lived like chickens, not like the richly nourished citizens of the wealthiest country in the world, and they had no coronary problems whatever. Possibly the best course of all, then, is to follow a human diet equivalent to plain, unfortified starter mash. But for those of us who would find such a regimen either unpalatable or impossible, the moral of the experiment may be: he who eats and runs away, lives to eat another day.



### BOAT NOTE

They never win regattas.  
Nor take a racing cup.  
For every time the chips are down  
They find their bottom's up.  
—ROBERT FITCH

# IT'S SUGAR VS. GENE

Trying to regain the title he has already won three times, Sugar Ray Robinson faces Champion Gene Fullmer in a return bout at Chicago

THE SECOND RUNNING of a championship fight is justified in our decadent time by a business convention—the return-bout clause that all bright titleholders insist on. The clause requires a man to win two legs on the championship cup before he can drink from it. It says a champion has to lose twice to be defeated. It makes a championship fight a 30-round contest with a months-long rest between the 15th and 16th rounds.

In tougher times the losing cham-

pion had to fight his way back to a title shot. Even Jack Dempsey had to prove himself (by knocking out Jack Sharkey) in order to get a second try at Gene Tunney.

The return-bout clause has been accepted passively as good business, if not good sport. Some return bouts have been ludicrous repetitions of an original fiasco, as in the Joe Brown-Bed Smith series. Anyone who saw both those fights was cheated twice.

Now, in order to win a chance to re-

gain his middleweight championship, twice lost and once relinquished, Sugar Ray Robinson has had to prove nothing beyond the fact that he can walk and talk and drive a hard bargain. In a May Day demonstration that boxing will never die because Barnum was right, Sugar Ray will meet Champion Gene Fullmer at Chicago Stadium.

Since the last one was close enough to start a thousand arguments, especially among those who saw it on TV, there is some justification for this one.

**SUSPENSION BAG** develops hand speed and coordination that Sugar feels he lacked in the fight that cost him his title.



**HEAVY BAG**, weighing 60 pounds, takes a pounding as Robinson tries to get back the big punch that won him 90 victories by knockout.



# AGAIN

by MARTIN KANE

But it would have seemed better if Sugar Ray had gone out and knocked over a couple of high-ranking middleweights in the interim. It would seem even better if Champion Fullmer were getting a champion's share instead of an even split of the purse. Actually, he has not yet been effectively recognized as champion. He won't be until he is in a position to dictate terms and demand return boasts.

This second running could, however, be a better fight than the first one at Madison Square Garden last January, if only because the shrewd Robinson must by now have concluded that he cannot hope to win by outthinking a battering ram. Instead of thinking his way through 15 rounds he will have to fight his way through a majority of them. It could be not only a better fight but a shorter one for, though Gene Fullmer is no knockout puncher in fast company—he has won about half his fights by layos, but all against third-raters—he may find the confidence this time to swing from his heels in the early rounds and thus weaken Robinson for a TKO. And Robinson may decide to gamble early on whatever remains of his own good punch. Neither should expect to win by a clear-cut knockout, for Fullmer never has even been knocked down and Robinson's only knockout, if such it could be called, was at the hands of Joey Maxim.

Fullmer, a methodical, plodding fellow in private as well as ring life, won the championship by sticking to the simple fundamentals that every fighter learns and so many cockily discard. He kept his guard up and punched only when he was at close quarters, where bruising strength gave him the advantage over the more agile, infinitely more brilliant Robinson. Gene gave Robinson no proper chance to be either agile or brilliant. He was a bulldozer attacking a supple sapling. The astonished Robinson—his face was a study in puzzlement throughout the fight—discovered that at long range



**SECRET WEAPON**, unveiled at Gene Fullmer's training camp, is new heavy punching bag invented by Manager Mary Jensen and designed to permit development of uppercut.

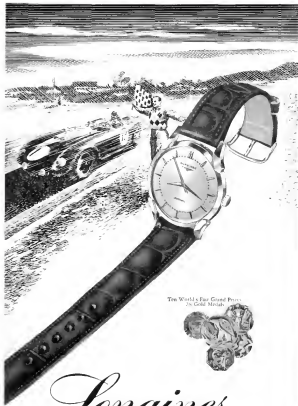
His only targets were two gloves protecting the head, two elbows protecting the body, and that at short range he was outgunned by his younger, big-muscled opponent. Sugar Ray's classic fints and draws were utterly disregarded—if indeed Fullmer recognized them when he saw them. In desperation Robinson charged repeatedly and found himself able to restrain only Fullmer's left hand—which Gene, indeed, surrendered with suspicious willingness. Fullmer's right hand was always free and banging away at Robinson's body and head.

Those clinches have been made a part of this fight's ballyhoo. Cries of moral indignation have been raised that Fullmer repeatedly fouled the then champion, especially with rabbit punches. To these eyes, he did not. While Robinson was holding, he took some punches to the back of the head.

They were the kind a fighter uses to persuade an opponent to let go and fight. They were not rabbit punches at all, since they were delivered to an upright, close-holding Robinson. A rabbit punch (and you could look it up in Webster's) is a downward blow delivered against an opponent who is bent forward. And Robinson's persistent, amazingly clumsy holding was itself a foul.

This second fight comes two days before Sugar Ray's 37th birthday, and it has been made increasingly clear of late that old fighters fade away. Robinson's chance to win the middleweight title a fourth time is mighty dim, though Sugar Ray believes he can win and likes to remember that no man has beaten him twice. Jake LaMotta and Randy Turpin, the only two who ever tried it, were trounced in return

*continued*



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## SUGAR VS. GENE

*continued*

engagements. Sugar Ray did not, to be sure, give Ralph (Tiger) Jones a second chance.

The odds, better than 3 to 1 in Fullmer's favor, may go higher. There is no tendency anywhere to overrate Fullmer, whose limitations are well known, but it has become obvious that Robinson's comeback victories over Bobo Olson, though glorious in the record books of boxing, were achieved against a fighter who had deteriorated from mediocrity. By hindsight it is clear that almost any adequate middleweight could have taken Olson on the nights Sugar Ray knocked him out.

### BOTH TRAIN HARD

The two men have been training far apart, the champion in the luxury of Tam O' Shanter Country Club outside Chicago, the challenger amid the lesser comforts of Long Pond Inn at Greenwood Lake, N.Y., an old favorite of his.

Late in his training Fullmer unveiled a secret weapon and, against all training camp tradition, it was a sensible one. A 96-pound punching bag of new design, the weapon looks like an enormous three-way sofa pillow with an overhang at the top. The standard heavy bag offers a fighter no chance to develop power in his uppercut, a punch which is, in fact, the most neglected in boxing. Fullmer's new bag not only develops the uppercut but presents a shifty target. It moves and turns with each punch and requires the boxer to throw a variety of blows in order to keep up with it.

Both fighters have been assiduous in their training—Fullmer because that is his natural bent, Robinson because he knows he must be at whatever peak it is possible for him to achieve. One of the marvels of the first 15 rounds in this two-fight marathon was that at the end of the first fight Sugar Ray Robinson, though clearly a bedraggled caricature of his younger self, still was on his toes, still showing some little signs of the poise and grace that had marked his first middleweight reign in the early years of this decade. He lost his title, but not without honor. He seems determined that if he must lose again, Fullmer will know he has been up against a champion.

It does seem that Robinson must lose again. Age is a mighty barrier in this battle, as it was in the first. In the end, no strategy can overcome it. A reasonable guess would be Fullmer by a TKO.

END



# SCOREBOARD

## ... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



**Johnny Kelley**, 26-year-old school teacher from Groton, Conn., overcame long-suffered lack of confidence to triumph in the Boston Marathon.



**Dick Hoover**, 28-year-old bowling wizard from Akron, Ohio, blasted trophies with unmerciful fast ball, outscored Bill Lillard in head-to-head four-game final match, 833-787, won ABC Masters title for second straight year, at Fort Worth.

### RECORD BREAKERS

**University of Texas** foursome of **Wally Wilson**, **Eddie Southern**, **Holls Gaiety** and **Bobby Whilden** snapped off precision 440-yard relay in world record time of 35.6, bested Texas' own year-old mark by .2 in **Kansas Relays** at Lawrence (April 20).

**Gert Potgieter**, South Africa's youthful Olympian, bounded hard and fast over seldom-run 140-yard hurdles, set new world record of 50.8, slicing half-second off three-year-old mark, at **Queensdown** (April 20).

**Wille Aletterberry**, 25-year-old Michigan State freshman, heaved through 600-yard run in 1:03.5, topped over half-second off Ben Eastman's 24-year-old American record in **Ohio Relays**, at **Columbus** (April 20).

**Quartet of American water babies** led feminine assault on swim records in **National Women's Indoor Championships** at **Beverly Hills, Calif.**, cracked three world, three U.S. marks. Freckle-faced **Lybba Runka**, 14, of Berkeley, stroked to world record of 5:46 in 400-yard medley heat (April 16), came back strong to win 500-yard freestyle in U.S. record time of 5:47.8 (April 17); **Corin Coze**, 17, shapely Olympic silver medalist from New Jersey, set world standard of 1:04.8 in 100-yard backstroke (April 18) after setting national mark of 2:15.3 in winning 200-yard backstroke (April 18); **Chris von Saltz**, 13, of Santa Clara, Calif., clocked U.S. record of 2:42.9 on way to close win over **Miss Runka** in 200-yard freestyle (April 18); **Nancy Ramsey** (see page 32) twice established world records in 100-yard butterfly (April 18).

### HORSE RACING

**Wholesale Stable's Bold Ruler** staged furious drive for **Jockey Eddie Arcaro** over last quarter mile, edged **Gallant Man** by nose in \$56,400 **Wood Memorial** at **Jamaica**, set track

mark of 1:43 4/5 for nine furlongs in warmup for **May 4th Kentucky Derby** (see below).

**Iron Liege**, No. 2 colt in powerful **Calumet Farm** string, showed his speed in one-length victory over **Cain Hoy's One-Eyed King**, stablemate **Gen. Duke** in special seven-furlong race at **Keeneland**, equaled track mark of 1:22 2/5 for distance (see below).

### GOLF

**Gees Lailler**, 26-year-old former **National Amateur** champion from San Diego, inspired by record **Calcutta** of \$265,450, first-phre money of \$19,000, found sudden ease for long slum, shot four-round 285 to win **Las Vegas Tournament of Champions** for third straight year, by three strokes. Winner's **Calcutta** baker, **Singer Franck Laine**, pocketed up \$93,434 for \$15,500 investment, brought three-year **Las Vegas** earnings to \$122,634. **Cory Middlewee**, who sold to **Funnyman Bob Hope** for top bid of \$21,000, finished in three-way tie for 11th with 293.

### BOXING

**Spider Webb**, favored by odds that mounted to 7 to 1 at ringside, took stiff punishment from hard-punching, left-looking **Randy Sawly**, but held on to squeeze out close decision, 20th straight win in bloody, 10-round middleweight bout at **Chicago**.

### HOCKEY

**Montreal**, after shutout in Boston had momentarily checked headlong rush toward second straight **Stanley Cup** championship, returned home, got five goals from five different players, crushed **Braves** 5-1 in rough, bloody final game, captured series four games to one. **Frankie Referee Frank Urvan**, striving to keep trigger-tempered skaters in order, doled out 17 penalties, 10 of them in wild first period.

### BASEBALL

Major leagues finished first week of season with some favorites on top, some on bottom. In **American League**, **Chicago** got good pitching, ran off four-game winning streak to hold first place, but defending champion **New York** despite homerless **Mickey Mantle** were only game behind, in second. **Cleveland** lost three of four, wound up in cellar, three games back. In **National League**, **Milwaukee** was in first with 4-0 record, trailed by **Brooklyn** at 4-1, while **Cincinnati** lost four straight, fell to last.

### TRACK & FIELD

**Kansas Relays** gave track fans plenty of action in 32nd renewal at **Lawrence** with one world record (see "Record Breakers"), one collegiate mark, nine meet records. Host **University of Kansas** four-mile relay team (**Hal Long**, **Tom Sautka**, **Jan Howell**, **Jerry McNeill**) won't in new college mark with 14-07.8 clocking; former **Kansas Weight Man** **Bill Nieder** gave fellow-Olympian **Perry O'Brien** race losing in exhibition shotput with 62-foot 2-inch heave, to win by three feet; **Will Chamberlain**, still in shape from basketball season, took second in high jump, third in hop, step & jump; Polish-born **John Mary** of **Houston** beat Teammate **Jerry Smartt** in 8,000-meter steeplechase; dark-haired, slender **Ken Kelly**, of **Fort Barn Houston**, took decaathlon competition with 5,891 points.

In **Dallas Invitational**, **Abelene Christian's** **Bobby Morrow** won wind-aided 9.5 100-yard dash, but **Texas' Eddie Southern** was voted most valuable, with victories in high, low hurdles, leg on winning 440-yard-relay team.

### BASKETBALL

**National Basketball Association** sat down to annual college draft season in **St. Louis**, faced lean crops of graduating seniors. Newly continued

## FOCUS ON THE DEED



IN CLASSIC WOOD at Jamaica, **Eddie Arcaro** gives **Wholesale Stable's Bold Ruler** hopeful, **Bold Ruler** (right), plenty of hand and whip encouragement to bring him home by nose over **Gallant Man**.



IN IMPROMPTU SPECIAL at Keeneland, **Calumet's Iron Liege** beats Derby hopeful **One-Eyed King** and Derby favorite and stablemate **Gen. Duke** by three in warmup for **May 4th** classic.



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## SCOREBOARD continued



Vickie Palmer, 13-year-old mite who stands not quite 5 feet tall, scampered off with three trophies in Arizona Tennis Open at Tucson, winning women's singles title, then junior misses' singles, finished with win in mixed doubles.



Barr Grim, University of Maryland senior who majors in languages, edged Jim Beatty of North Carolina in 4:56 mile, during dual meet at College Park, Md., posted U.S. outdoor season's fastest time, marked himself as miler to watch.

transplanted Cincinnati Royals made West Virginia's cowering Hot Rod Hundley first pick, promptly trading him to Minneapolis for Big Clyde Lovellette in seven-man deal; other plums selected were SMU's Jim Krebs by Minneapolis, Memphis State's Jim Wilking by St. Louis, Louisville's Charlie Tyra by New York, North Carolina's Lennie Rosenbath by Philadelphia.

### SWIMMING

Santa Clara Swim Club, paced by winning 400-yard medley relay quartet (4:27.2), all-round team strength, broke four-year grip of Walter Reed SC on team crown, scored 59 points to splash off with women's AAU indoor title at Beverly Hills, Calif. (see "Record Breakers").

### MILEPOSTS

DIED—John Wesley Coombs, 74, iron-man major league pitcher with Philadelphia Athletics, Brooklyn, Detroit, who started, finished, won 24-impairing marathon for A's against Boston in 1904, posted three route-going victories in five days during 1910 World Series against Chicago Cubs, won 150 games in majors, including 31 in 1916, former Duke University baseball coach; of heart attack, in Palestine, Texas.

DIED—Bernard J. (Bernie) Wefers, 84, one-time Georgetown University-NYAC track star, three-time national sprint champion in 1896, who set world record of 21.2 for 220-yard dash in 1898, posted time of 9.4 for 160 yards in era when world's best was 9.8, but had astounding performance disavowed by staidy AAU officials who declared that "no man can run that fast"; after long illness, in New York.

ENGAGED—Sitting Moon, 27, lean, daring British auto racing ace who ranks second in world behind Maserati Teammate Juan Fangio, to Katherine Molson, 22, dark-haired daughter of Montreal brewer; in London.



**SPLASHING** to world record in 100-yard butterfly heat, Nancy Ramsey then set new mark of 1:01.9 in national AAU swim finals.

### FOR THE RECORD

#### BOXING

BOB SATTENFIELD, 1-ound KO over Ben Wier, heavyweights, Oakland, Calif.  
GARNET (GIGAWATT) KART, 7-round TKO over Willie (Fossil) Silverman, welterweights, New York  
JIMMY DECEAN, 10-second knockout over Holly Moss, middleweights, Miami Beach, Fla.  
JOE HOLLEY, 9-ound KO over L. W. Harvey, heavyweight, Tulsa, Okla.

#### FISHING

JOHN DICEMAN, Coody Mesa, Calif., National Professional Fresh Water Fishing Derby, with 29,044 pts., Fort Springs, Ark.

#### GOLF

WYFIE SMITH, 51 Ctee, Mich., 295 for 72 holes.  
\$1,300 GUYANA Women's Open, Dallas  
MARLINE BAUER RAGGS, Delray Beach, Fla. 206 for 54 holes, \$1,300 Lewiston Women's Open, Lewiston, Oreg.

#### HOCKEY

CLEVELAND BARONS, 5-4 over Rochester Americans, American Hockey League's Calder Cup, 4 games to 1, Cleveland

#### HORSE RACING

GRAND CANYON, \$30,000 Southern Cross Handicap, 1 1/8 m., by male in 1:50, Gulfstream Park, Fla.  
Charley Hunt up  
HOLMES PT., \$25,400 Chesapeake Stakes, 1 1/16 m., by length in 1:44 2/5, Laurel, Md.  
Don Colborne up  
MURRAY CANYON, \$80,000 Bay Meadows Futurity, 5 furlongs, by one length in 35 4/5, Oaklawn, Calif.  
Richard Luthig up

#### HUNT RACING

IMPACTION, Grand Neph. Point to Point (10 furlongs), by 10 lengths in 4:20 4/5, Butler, Md.  
Benjamin W. Goodwin III up

#### SHOOTING

VICTOR POLANSKY, Cal State Tech, with 203 of 200, National College Rifle Championships, Washington, D.C.  
Team champion, U. of CALIFORNIA with 1,440 of 1,500.

#### SOCCER

MANCHESTER UNITED over Sunderland, 4-0, English League Championship, London.

#### SWIMMING

SANDY GILLNER and JUDY HAGA, Michigan State University, set AAU Senior Women's indoor sprint record dual 100, with 27 3/5 points, 1 Lansing, Mich.



**POURING** champagne into Stanley Cup, Montreal's Maurice (Rocket) Richard celebrates team's playoff victory over Boston.



Crowds betting record sums welcome a new season in the East, but the sport still patiently awaits its

## DELAYED CLEANUP

AFTER a winter of uneasy truce in harness racing's civil war (SI, Sept. 10) a new season has opened without any reasonable settlement in sight of the causes of friction between factions. Today, as it was six or even 12 months ago, it is obviously the clear determination of New York Commissioner George Monaghan to throw the U.S. Trotting Association out of his state—which action would, in effect, drastically curtail the USTA's ability to function in most other states as well. For its part, the association is still determined to have Monaghan thrown out of office or, at least, to curtail his powers by persuading the New York Legislature to add two other members to the Harness Racing Commission.

In the closing days of the recent legislative session, bills aimed at accomplishing both the USTA's and Monaghan's purposes were thrown into the hopper. All died in assorted committee pigeonholes, but a little-known backstage maneuver that took place in the last hours of the session should he vast-

ly encouraging to the USTA forces. New York's Governor Averell Harriman is, of course, a Democrat, but the legislature is, as usual, dominated by Republicans. Nearly every item of business, therefore—even if it pertains to something as theoretically nonpartisan as horse racing—must run the political gamut before approval. With sitting time running out, the Republican leadership decided to support the bill for a three-man commission and so, earlier, had Harriman. It was agreed (naturally) that the governor would appoint one Democrat and one Republican to the commission vacancies that would be created, and the Republicans came to Harriman with a list of deserving party members from which they proposed he choose their man. At this point Harriman balked, refusing to commit himself to any list of names before the bill was passed. Admittedly, this kind of impasse over political etiquette has stymied far more critical legislation in the past, but the result

*continued on page 39*

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Verona's Restaurant, old San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

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**8. Viyella defies imitation.** Many have tried. None have succeeded. Look for the Viyella label. It's on every shirt.  
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## DELAYED CLEANUP

continued

was that a three-man commission for harness racing flew out the window then and there, and the idea cannot be revived until the next session of the legislature—in January 1958.

Meanwhile, the man Harriman appointed to look into the Monaghan-USTA feud (ex-Harvard Law School Dean James Landis) is still examining briefs and pondering his report. While it may be pleasing to both factions that Landis is obviously being extremely conscientious about his task (he was appointed nearly six months ago), it is rather a pity that his report could not have been available to this year's legislature. Landis has refused to talk about his findings thus far, but he has indicated to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that he favors a three-man rule and is deeply concerned about the USTA's charges that a number of undesirable stockholders and officials are still in management positions at Batavia Downs in upstate New York.

At the same time that the Western Harness Racing Association concluded its most successful season to date at Arcadia, Calif., both Maywood in Illinois and Yonkers in New York have opened before huge crowds betting record amounts of money. And once again it is being demonstrated that trotters and pacers trained up north have a clear edge in spring racing over those that spent the winter in Florida. This appears to be especially true for older horses, whose schooling in gait is not affected so much as that of the youngsters by the uncertain footing of frozen and thawing ground. It generally takes several weeks of getting used to chill northern spring weather for Florida-trained colts to lose their "mashiness" and be ready to race all-out. Which undoubtedly accounts for the fact that Stanley Dancer, for example (who winters at New Egypt, N.J.), has won 17 races to date.

Early speculation about harness racing's two top events—Hambletonian for trotters and the Little Brown Jug for pacers—has perhaps a firmer basis for establishing favorites than in any recent year. There is little doubt that the Sherwood Farms Torpid is head-and-witers in front of the Jug field and also the eligibles for pacing's other two races that comprise its triple crown—the Messenger Stake and the Yonkers Futurity. Only in the Futurity is really stiff competition presently anticipated—from the Castleton filly, Good Counsel.

It never pays, however, to count out two trainers like Del Miller and Joe O'Brien, and neither has, of course, conceded to Torpid. Miller's Meadow Lands, who was such a disappointment last year, has already won twice this season, and O'Brien's Adios Express is also being pointed for the Jug.

In the Hambletonian, one of the most remarkable coincidences in racing history may be in the making. Last year, Allwood Stable Trainer-Driver Ned Bower won with The Intruder, whose distinguishing qualifications at the time were three:

- 1) He was an extremely good-looking animal.
- 2) He was the highest-priced yearling of his year.
- 3) He was unsound as a 2-year-old and did not race that season.

### A PURIST'S APPROACH

This year, Bower has Junior Executive, who has the same three qualifications. At the moment, Junior Executive is once again in good health and condition, but Bower does not intend even to let him see a half-mile track before Hambletonian day at DuQuoin. The Hambletonian is raced around a mile track, of course, but these days few trainers take the trouble to limit their Hambletonian eligibles to mile-track training. Unquestionably, trotters use different gaits in going twice around the half-mile with its sharper turns, but it remains to be seen whether Bower's purist attitude will pay off with a triumphant carbon-copy victory on the big day at DuQuoin.

Strictly on form, the solid early favorites in the Hambletonian field are Fred Egan's Cassin Hanover, Johnny Simpson's Hickory Smoke and Joe O'Brien's Bond Hanover, with Billy Haughton's Flicka Frost rating an outside chance if she learns to trot away from the gate. Flicka's atrocious manners are all that have held her back from winning consistently, and Haughton, who has never yet won a Hambletonian and wants to with considerable desperation, has been working on them all winter and spring.

Cassin Hanover has one particular item in her favor, aside from the fact that Egan is her trainer. She will start in two consecutive races (at Springfield and Sedalia) over mile tracks immediately preceding the Hambletonian. Egan, incidentally, is 77 years old. If Cassin wins the Hambletonian, Egan will be the oldest driver to accomplish this feat, Bi Shively having held the record by winning with Sharp Note in 1952, when he was 74.

END

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## • BOWLING

by VICTOR KALMAN

This year the annual ABC tournament moved to Texas, where the excitement and suspense were provided by

# TWO ALLEY TYROS

A TRULY AWESOME spectacle in the world of sports is that of an individual, caught up by some inner fire, performing far beyond the realms of normal human capability. In sports such as bowling, in which physical prowess plays a minor role, the heroics may not be as apparent but they are none the less real. When a strike is needed to win a national championship, only the brave of heart gets it.

The 56-year-history of the American Bowling Congress Tournament, largest participation event in sports, is studded with tense moments in which one ball has meant the difference between fame and obscurity. Rarely, however, have rank amateurs displayed the raw courage shown by two of the lesser-known competitors during this year's championships at Fort Worth.

First, it was in the all-events competition—one of the four championship categories of the ABC tournament—that Jim Spalding, a 39-year-old civil engineer from Louisville, suddenly emerged as an overnight sensation. Here was a man who had started college in 1946, following World War II service, only to have his education interrupted by the Korean outbreak. Upon his return he re-entered the University of Louisville and took a night job, because by this time his wife had given birth to two daughters. Between his family and work he somehow found time to graduate with honors in 1954 and become a good bowler besides.

Spalding had participated in six ABC tournaments without distinguishing himself before making the trek to Fort Worth on April 11. His best year was 1953, when his all-events score—the total for the nine games of the championships—was 1,780, an average slightly under 198.

"I just couldn't put two good games together," he said the other day. "In a tournament like this, you've got to get a good start and then keep flying."

Spalding's start in the three-game team competition on the night of April 11 was a non-winged 186, but after that

he really flew, hitting 253 and 267 for a 706 series. The following day he howled three more games in the doubles round, firing a 720. The big board in the spacious Will Rogers Memorial Coliseum now showed that 2,007, rolled by Norman Abrams of St. Paul, was the score to beat. Spalding needed 582 in his three games of the singles division to win the all-events lead from Abrams.



PARENTAL APPROVAL given to Bob Allen following his near-perfect score of 298.

To do so would take a three-game average of 194, or almost the equivalent of his best previous ABC performance. He opened the singles event with 221, then came through with a second game of 236—and the championship was obviously well within his grasp.

Nonetheless, there was yet a more formidable prize—the all-time record of 2,070 set by Max Stein of Belleville, Ill. in 1937. It was the longest-standing individual mark in the book, and to shatter it Spalding needed 188 in his final game.

In bowling, the difference between getting two strikes in a row and an open frame—a miss or a split—is about 20 pins. In his last frame, Spalding stood at the threshold of bowling immortality. A strike would assure him the record. As he reached for his ball, a tense hush settled over the large crowd in the stands behind him. He was "scared

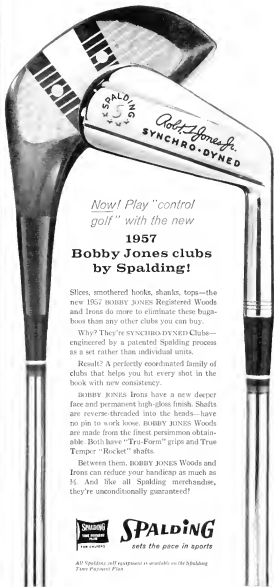
stiff" as he put it later, but his features showed no sign of strain. He eased his lithe body toward the foul line, rolled, and all 10 pins went down. A new record of 2,088 went into the books.

On that same morning, Bob Allen, a 28-year-old construction company executive of Yonkers, N.Y., came through with a singles performance that was, in some respects, more spectacular than Spalding's all-events performance. Allen, a big (6 feet 5 inches) left-hander, had been going through the motions of completing his sixth mediocre ABC. His team score was 543 and his doubles 590. He opened the singles with 235, then fell to 196, and even his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Allen, who accompanied him to Texas, must have given up hope. But Bob Allen did not give up. In his final game he bowled strike after strike—six in a row, then seven, eight, nine.

As Allen rose for the 10th frame, he scrutinized the scoreboard in the corner of the coliseum for what seemed like five minutes. Then the lines around his chin tightened. He knew what he needed—at least a 296 game—for Ed Kawolices of Chicago was in first place in the singles with a three-game total of 726. This meant that Allen must have two more strikes to win. Three would make him the 15th man in ABC history to roll a perfect 300 game. He, unlike Jim Spalding, does not have the unrelenting poker face of so many top athletes. Written all over it was determination.

To cheering that rocked the great stone building, Allen bowled his 10th strike, then the 11th. He now needed the biggest strike of all. And, bowling too cautiously to ensure hitting the headpin, he did not get it. His ball hit high on the pin, leaving two. But his score of 298 rocketed him into the ABC singles lead with 729.

Generally speaking, the ABC—which winds up its seven-week stand on April 28—has been a success. Nearly 16,000 bowlers participated—only about half the number normally drawn to towns within a 200-mile radius of Chicago, but a fine turnout for the sparsely populated Southwest. American Machine & Foundry Co. automatics, which replaced pinboys for the first time, have worked smoothly and efficiently, and, Texas being Texas, the atmosphere has perhaps been more festive than usual. Fort Worth will be remembered chiefly, however, for the stars who were born there—a couple of men named Spalding and Allen who, it is safe to bet, will remind the bowling world of their presence in the tournaments ahead. **END**



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## THE PRIDE OF ITALY

*continued from page 17*

After a few days, crossing the Apennines, the boys had to abandon the horses, here and there, in the hands of farmers and continue on foot. The group had been too conspicuous. They had had a few encounters with German patrols and had already become a legend, a company of young horsemen riding over the countryside like knights of old.

At the same time Raimondo left school and joined a formation of partisans in the woods of Palestrina, near Rome. When Piero finally arrived home, after his long and adventurous walk, his father made him hide. The Germans were shipping all able-bodied men to the north in sealed freight cars. Piero's refuge was a cellar under a well-known hat shop, Radiconelli, on the Corno Umberto in Rome. The cellar communicated, through a century-old maze of underground galleries, with the cellars under the Spanish embassy in Piazza di Spagna. In an emergency, Piero could always claim the protection of extraterritoriality.

### Back to the old love

In June of 1944 the Allies broke through the German lines at Cassino and finally arrived in Rome. Piero and Raimondo resumed their lives. Neither thought riding was to be his sole occupation. Piero went on with his military studies in the academy, which had been temporarily transferred to Lecce. Raimondo wanted to be an engineer and registered in the University of Rome. Raimondo explains: "I started going to classes six days a week and rode the seventh. Then I went to classes five days and rode two, then four days and rode three. It took me a few months to drop classes altogether and ride all the time. I don't think I would have made a good engineer."

Piero had no similar problems. Horsemanship was part of his curriculum and he also dedicated to it all his leisure hours.

When the time came, like all boys of his age, Raimondo, too, had to serve in the army. He joined the famous Savoy Regiment in Milano, the same that had charged in Russia. It was now a tank regiment, owned no horses and was called Goizla. But for the sake of tradition, health and character building, the colonel allowed any officer who wanted to, to keep a horse and ride it in his free hours.

Raimondo, who lived on the miserable salary of a second lieutenant, bought a mare and all the saddlery on the installment plan. The horse was of vague German origin, not a great mount, Maya by name. He applied himself to instructing it as carefully as if it were an expensive Irish hunter. Maya became a good show jumper and won a few prizes with Raimondo in the saddle.

Raimondo always falls in love with his horses. He visits them in the stables, brings them sugar and talks to them. When he was officer of the day at the Savoy Regiment, or later with the Carabinieri squadrons in Rome, he always brought an armchair into the saddlery room, from which he could watch his horses, and spent hours looking at them. He sometimes stole oats from somebody else's horse to give to his own. "Horsemanship begins in the stables," he says. "It is extremely important to establish a personal relationship with your horse. It must know you. It must recognize your voice and your step. It must be happy to see you." When he has to sell a horse he speaks to no one for days and is in an angry mood. It is as if he were to part from a son.

Piero is different. He always rides horses he does not own or owns only in part, with no sentimental entanglements. He changes mounts as thoughtlessly as a racing driver changes cars. He pats his horse on the neck when riding and talks to it, of course, because these practices are part of the art, necessary to calm it and make it amenable and obedient. But he wastes no time mooning over it, otherwise. Raimondo explains this difference between them by saying: "Piero is more military than I." By "military" he means self-controlled, disciplined, apparently feelingless. The difference is important. Raimondo's frequent visits to the stables, his difficulties in finding grooms as kind to his animals as he is, his motherly and fussy control of all details, obviously put the horses in a contented mood, make them like the presence of men and probably pay off in competition. His favorite animal, Merano, on which he won most of his victories and the world championship, recognizes and neighs at the sound of his wheezy old car when Raimondo enters the barracks courtyard. It neighs when he calls it from far away, a trick that astonishes visitors. It shows evident pleasure when Raimondo visits it in its box.

On the other hand, this unusual at-

tachment for his horses complicates his life. The brothers' salaries are very small—the regular pay of army captains, between \$150 and \$200 a month. They make a little money on the side by training young and ignorant horses, bringing them to their best form, winning important prizes on them and then selling them. The difference between the starting price, that of an unknown and raw 4-year-old, and the final price, at which an international show champion can be sold, is very high. Merano, for instance, originally cost \$600. It was sold to a rich gentleman for about \$11,000. (It was bought back later by the organization responsible for horse shows and jumping competitions, the *Federazione Italiana Sport Equestri*, and entrusted again to Raimondo. He could not live without it.) Piero has no qualms. He starts training a small number of promising horses each year and sells an equal number of well-instructed jumpers at about the same time. Raimondo has the heartbreaking doubts of a sentimental slave owner in the Old South.

"I sometimes ask myself how honest is this horse trading," he says. "No horse can be better than its rider. It takes months and years of patient schooling to make it do the things it did in the show ring, and it did them because Piero or I was in the saddle. Selling such a horse to a wealthy amateur, who hasn't the experience, the time and the patience to go on with the necessary routine, is like selling a clock without its key. It runs for a certain time, but then, when it stops, there is no way of winding it up again."

When the time came to go back to civilian life Raimondo, like his father years before, could not bring himself to abandon the army. He remained, always as a reserve officer, first in the cavalry and later in the Carabinieri, who still maintain two squadrons in Rome in the traditional manner. They still have trained personnel to take care of the stables. Piero, of course, graduated from the military academy and became a regular officer. He is now stationed in Fara Sabina, the last remaining training center of the army, kept open for sporting reasons, where a handful of officers keep alive the art of horsemanship. Both brothers are captains. Both wear almost the same uniform, with different little badges on their caps. The only substantial difference between them is imposed by an old clause in army regulations. A reserve officer has to pay for coats and hay. A regular officer does not. This,

continued



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## PRIDE OF ITALY

continued

plus his incapacity to part easily with horses, burdens Raimondo's budget.

The D'Inzeo brothers' job is to win international competitions. They work at nothing else. Both are married. Piero has two children, a 6-year-old boy, Giancarlo, and a 4-year-old girl, Antonella. Raimondo has one little daughter, Alessandra, who is 3 years old. They live the restrained, reserved and modest lives of impecunious army officers, in tiny Rome flats filled with silver cups and medals. They commute to Fara Sabina by car every day. Their manners are those of old-fashioned gentlemen. In civilian clothes they look like intellectuals and not like either officers or athletes. They are of slight build, pale, with the ascetic and concentrated expressions of concert artists or mathematicians. In spite of the glamour of their names, their pictures in the papers, and their popularity, they refuse all invitations to parties and avoid the rich and fashionable crowds and café society. "We never learned to have a good time," Piero explains. "Our youth was spent riding. We go on riding."

### "Look at the eyes"

Their year is divided sharply into two halves. Autumn and winter are dedicated to training. This is the time they buy their new horses. Breeders bring them to Rome and offer them at favorable prices. Piero and Raimondo spend weeks looking over the possible candidates and consult with each other

and their father. They look at the horse's build, its general structure, ride it to get the feel of its movements under them and try to understand its character. "I look at the eyes," says Raimondo, the more sentimental buyer. "You can tell a lot from the expression of the eyes." He chose Merano that way. "It was a horse like many others offered by its breeders, the brothers Giuseppe and Filippo Moresse of Salerno. It caught my eye. It had something. I tried riding it and found it easy. I immediately felt a strange affection for it, and Merano showed that he liked me. It was love at first sight." All of Raimondo's horses, from then on, with only a few exceptions, were bred by the brothers Moresse. (The only foreign horse he owns is an Irish hunter, The Quiet Man, which appeared in the movie of that name.) He finds the Moresse horses, all products of the same Thoroughbred stallion, Ugoano da Siena, bred by Federico Tesio (SI, Dec. 10), best suited to his tastes and ideals. Perhaps it is just a superstition. Raimondo denies it. "I have no superstitions. I only have a few habits." Piero is more catholic in his tastes and coolheaded in his choices. Any good, sturdy, capable, willing horse will do for him.

Show riding in 1957 is infinitely more difficult than in the '30s, when the Caprilli method allowed Italian riders to defeat so many opponents. To begin with, all good horsemen have now mastered the same technique. There is no monopoly. Many have joined the so-called forward seat to whatever good points their



national schools had developed in the past.

The real change is in the difficulty of the course. The obstacles have grown in height and complexity, from year to year, until now all competitors have to jump what only a few did years ago. The itineraries on the ring between obstacles have become more intricate and confusing. Often, after a difficult 6-foot hurdle, there is a sharp, right angle turn, and another jump only 10 feet away. The time element has become vital. In the past a good rider could often go over the course at leisure, taking great pains not to make mistakes, and win. He must now do it at the same perfection in half the number of seconds.

#### "Tight little moments"

All this has changed the style of riding, from the happy freedom of the post-Capri days to a more concentrated and controlled technique. Horses must be held back by the reins and nudged in the ribs at the same time, keeping them always "wound up," ready to spring forward at the slightest gesture. Old-fashioned systems of training have come again into fashion. Instant obedience must be taught at all costs. Raimondo adds one more requirement to a good horse show. The horse must be allowed enough freedom in training not to be too dependent on its rider. "There are moments, tight little moments, when a man can do nothing and must trust his horse. It must still remember how it reacted when free, to save itself," he says.

Piero has brought this new, postwar riding method to perfection. No other man, Italian or foreign, past or present, has or ever had his imperable style. He does not always win. Sometimes he is too slow. Sometimes he gets into a tight spot and does not manage to pull himself out quickly enough. In reality, what interests him is not winning cups and titles but bringing the art of training and controlling horses to its ultimate artistic expression.

Raimondo, on the other hand, is a fighter. Once in the ring, he forgets everything in order to come in first, with no mistakes, in the shortest possible time. If the horse is slow to respond to his commands, he will tug the reins with vigor. If the horse is hesitant, he will use the whip and the spurs. Often his position is not, like his brother's, a model for horsemen. He does what he can. He wins. Papa D'Inizio is proud of both of them.

END



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## 14 PAGE REPORT ON THE GREAT U.S.

# Pool Boom

By summer's end, 87,000 Americans will own swimming pools. Here's how to build them, maintain them, keep them safe and furnish them—plus, in color, special poolside clothes designed for Sports Illustrated by Claire McCardell

by FRED R. SMITH and JO AHERN

UNTIL a couple of summers ago, a swimming pool in their own backyard was a luxury few except movie stars and millionaires could indulge in. But this summer a man who lives in the Chicago suburb of Palos Park and doesn't have his own pool is a man without social grace, for 40 of the next-door Joneses have built pools there in the past two summers. In the desert valley surrounding Phoenix there are now 3,910 private swimming oases—four times as many pools as there were in 1952. And 20 new ones will be dug each month.

In Erie County, New York, where the climate, to quote a poolowner in Buffalo, is made up of "10 months of winter and two of damn hard sledding," there are suddenly 600 private pools—and, when they freeze over in winter, 600 potential skating ponds. Princeton, N.J. has 200 residential pools, including one built in the ruins of an old barn by Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. At least 125 Columbus, Ohio citizens can take prebreakfast plunges in their own tanks. In short, Americans from coast to coast are enjoying the biggest splash since Repeal.

The statistics documenting the pool boom are as astonishing in their progression as a TV quiz whiz's earnings. On January 1, 1948 there were 2,500 residential swimming pools in America. On January 1, 1957, there were 57,000. *Swimming Pool Age*, the trade magazine of this swiftly burgeoning industry, estimates that 45,000 pools will be built this year. Two-thirds of these or about 30,000, will be of the backyard variety, at a total cost, including all equipment to maintain them, of \$105 million, or an average of \$3,500 per pool.

Although the boom in private pool ownership did not gather its momentum until post-World War II, the foundations for it were laid as far back as 1936, when Philip Hiley, now president of the country's largest pool-building firm, Paddock of California, adapted the Gunitite (pressure-sprayed-concrete) method of building construction to the building of pools for movie stars in Brentwood, California. The method (illustrated, with others, on the following pages) put the price of pools into a real plunge. What had been a \$15,000-minimum project is now one that costs the average homeowner little more than \$4,500 for a

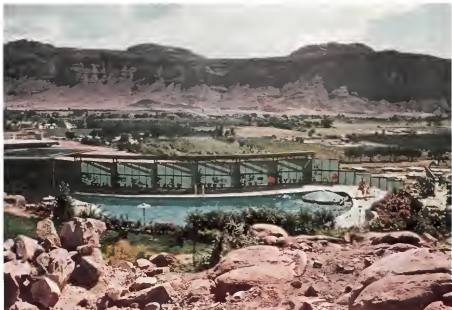
20-by-40-foot swimming-and-diving Gunitite model, or as little as \$3,500 for other types. As one of the many pool builders who have cropped up to meet the requirements of the boom said the other day, you can now have one for no more than the price of a station wagon. Hiley's method also laid the groundwork for the free-form rounded-corner, curved-wall pool; today the shape of a pool is only limited by its owner's whims and pocketbook.

Although Gunitite pools—and many companies now build them—are still the most popular, representing 67% of the 33,000 pools built last year, several other newly developed methods of construction are fast growing. Esther Williams has a company with more than 700 dealers who install pools which are little more than well-engineered holes in the ground, surrounded by concrete-block walls and lined with large sheets of heavy-gauge vinyl. U.S. Steel, Tower Iron Works and Koven Steel Swimming Pools are marketing home-sized pools of welded steel, and there are similar ones of aluminum. Preformed Fiberglass pools (order Monday, swim Saturday) are delivered to the backyard in four scoop-shaped sections which only need their joints sealed. Prefabricated concrete pools are lowered into the ground in slabs by a crane. One of the newest methods, developed two years ago by a New Jersey engineer, is to pour concrete into reusable steel forms—an advantage over the costlier method of pouring concrete into wooden forms.

Also contributing to the boom is the greater ease of maintenance, taking no more than a few hours a week, made possible by new filter systems which are installed when the pool is built. Once in the ground, a 20-by-40-foot pool can cost as little as \$150 a year to maintain and to keep the water—which need not be changed more than once a year—crystal clear and clean enough to meet the most rigid health department standards.

The joys of pool ownership are not unshared. Owning one is a responsibility; the problem of safety is a very important concern (see page 51) and, as many a family has discovered, home is very likely to become more country club than home. But the pleasures of owning a pool more than compensate for any burdens, as the 57,000 American families already in the swim will happily tell you.





**MONUMENT VALLEY.** Colorado River and his own uranium mill are spread before Charles Stoen's pool near Moab, Utah.

**LAKE WASHINGTON** is the front yard, a swimming pool the backyard of the Seattle home built by Dr. J. Harold Brown.





**THE OZARK HILL** on which Winthrop Rockefeller (in sport shirt) built Winrock Farm is topped off by a free-form pool.

**THE DULUTH HOME** of Roy E. Halvorson is built around a gadget-lined pool that can be used from May to November.



## POOL BOOM

continued

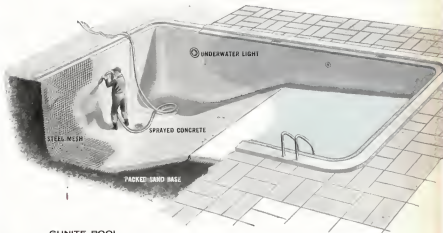
# Building your Pool

**F**IRST ADMONITION: don't try to do it yourself. You'll find it cheaper in the long run to have it done by a competent contractor. As to size: for a family that takes its swimming seriously, the ideal pool should measure at least 20 by 40 feet, and if there is a one-meter diving board, minimum depth should be 8½ feet, tapering to three feet at the shallow end. Coping, ladder and filter system are virtually essentials; underwater lighting and diving boards are added pleasures. The minimum prices quoted on these pages include these items for a pool of approximately the above dimensions. Costs are, of course, higher if there are special excavating problems, in areas north of the freezing line, and if heating units are included (about \$500 more). All this can be paid for on the installment plan; although it is difficult to foreclose on a hole in the ground, banks are now willing to finance pools, and one-third of them built in American backyards last year were bought on time.



**MANHATTAN POOL**

One of the few private outdoor pools in New York City was built for Paul Roebling's East Side backyard. Gunite Construction Corp. hauled bags of dirt, pumped Gunite through basement, as yard is all closed in.



**GUNITE POOL**

This, the most popular construction method, consists of pressure-spraying Gunite, a mixture of cement, sand and water, over a steel-mesh basket laid in the excavation. Gunite is stronger and less expensive than poured concrete. Minimum cost of 20-by-40-foot pool is \$4,500, installation time two weeks.

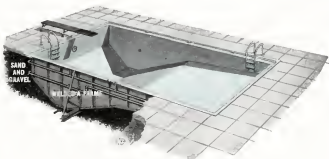
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK KUNE

SKIMMER AND OUTLET

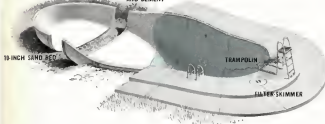


# STEEL POOL

Steel pools, on the market for many years, are now available in a variety of shapes for the backyard. The pool is delivered in prefabricated sections which are welded together, supported by steel frames rather than, as in most cases, by the backfill. Once put together, the steel must be sand-blasted, then covered with several coats of paint. Advantages are structural stability and ease with which light boxes, filter and drainage outlets can be installed—they are welded right into the pool wall. One of the most expensive pools for backyard use, the price ranges up from \$5,500 for the 20-by-40-foot size.



BACKFILL OF SAND AND CEMENT

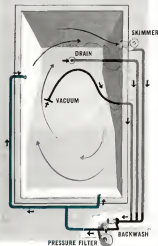


# FIBERGLAS POOL

Fiberglass is the newest method of pool construction, and it may well prove to be the most popular private pool of the future. The substance is noncorroding and rustproof. It is delivered to the site in prefabricated sections which are then sealed together by a special bonding agent. Warning note: be sure pool is engineered correctly into the ground. Improper installation or careless sealing of joints may result in its floating out in rainstorms or if leaks develop. Cost: 30 by 40, \$4,000. Trampoline is newest backyard diving device—gives fine, easy spring to inexperienced divers and costs about \$135.

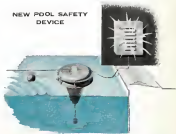


**BIRDAIR STORAWAY** is a newly developed portable enclosure for swimming pools. It extends the pool season of its manufacturer, Walter Bird of Buffalo, by four months. The dome is of nylon and plastic, supported by air pressure from a blower powered by a 1/8-hp motor. Water is heated and sunshine warms the air. Price is about \$2,500 for one large enough to cover 20-by-40-foot pool. For those who do not contemplate this investment, here are tips for winter care: all pools should be kept filled and logs be floated at pool edges to absorb expansion of ice and freezing ground. Pools can be used as ice rinks when frozen.



**FILTER SYSTEMS** are now installed in almost every family pool, and their initial cost of about \$550 is well justified in reduced operating expense and cleanliness. Once filled, the water need never be changed—until repainting becomes necessary. Ideally, all water is syphoned off through surface skimmer and bottom drain and re-filtered through system every 12 hours. Sand and gravel or diatomaceous earth are popular filter agents. Periodically, water is back-washed through filter to clean it. In addition, chlorine and anti-algae chemicals should be added and the bottom vacuumed regularly, the sides scrubbed and the leaves skimmed from the top by pool owners.

#### NEW POOL SAFETY DEVICE



**THE AQUALARM** is a new device designed to ease a pool-owner's nightmare of drowning children. It floats on the surface of the water and gives off a banshee shriek whenever an object of sufficient size to cause a wave falls into a pool. Obviously it's not foolproof—someone has to be within hearing distance—and certainly the best safety measure remains the education of young children, both in swimming and in the importance of using pools only when adults are present. Owners often sign pledges with neighbor children and their parents, limiting swimming to definite hours, and arrange a schedule of lifeguarding among teen-agers. Still another effective accident preventive, required by law in many areas, is a storm fence around pool areas. There are also vinyl pool covers available that can be stretched across pools when owners are away. They are strong enough to support a man, will keep out falling leaves and debris.



## Around the Pool

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM YEE

Pools by their nature begot accessories. Out of the water, the swimmer wants to rest on a terrace. Chairs and tables inevitably appear, and then the pool becomes the center of a picnic site, with food and drink and things for fixing them. The outdoor furniture boom is almost as impressive as the pool boom. Fashions change for outdoors just as indoors, and this summer there is an international flavor to poolside fittings. Variety of color and materials has greatly increased. Plastics do not show the impact of wet bathing suits; anodized aluminum sparkle in weatherproof colors, and steel

and wrought-iron frames are now rust- and corrosionproof. Here, grouped before an aluminum-framed Bermuda screen house (upper right), is a sampling of items for gentle poolside living (reading clockface from lower left): DEMOUNTABLE ARMCHAIR and OTTOMAN (lower left) made in Denmark, which can be stored in stacks. Two-tone poplin sling is shrinkproof and weatherproof (chair, \$39; ottoman, \$20; imported by George Tanier). The DUCK HUCKET CHAIR has a wrought-iron frame which automatically adjusts from upright to reclining position (\$11, Frank & Son). The COVERED-



WAGON COOKING UNIT has electrically operated spit, accessory outlet and electric charcoal-igniter (\$249 east of Rocky Mountains, \$259 west, George Heney Co.). The HICKINGBONE SCREEN is made of stick rattan (\$34, Mayhew). It shields an Osetu Dal DINING TABLE AND STOOLS, with wrought-iron frames and woven rattan-peel tops (table, \$65 east of Rockies, \$69 west; stool, \$12.50 and \$11; Tropi-Cal). On the low table a WHITE POTTERY SAMOVAR with electric warming unit is ready for coffee or soup (\$36, Carole Stupell). The BUDDHA CHAIR of golden rattan fits on wrought-iron

frame (\$39, Tropi-Cal); the ADJUSTABLE PARASOL fastened to its side is imported from Italy (\$12, Panthouse Gallery). The PEACOCK CHAIR of rattan core and peel can be had in natural or colors (\$55, Mayhew). The SPANISH CASSEOLE CART of wicker is tray-compartmented for everything needed for a table setting (\$340 without accessories, Carole Stupell). The BERMUDA SCREENHOUSE with aluminum frame and screen panels can be assembled with a screwdriver (\$425 with canvas canopy, Durall Products). Striped side curtains make it a cubana. Inside the house, RATTAN

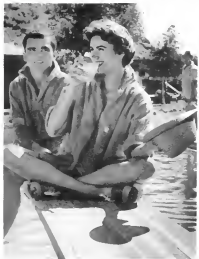
LAZY-BOWL CHAIR cradled on gold-anodized aluminum frame slides from chair to chaise position on nylon bearings (\$55, Troy Sunshade Co.). The SUN BED with canvas laced on redwood frame moves about on casters (\$35, John Hancock Co.). The PLASTIC CORD CHAIR AND OTTOMAN have enameled tubular frames guaranteed against rust and corrosion (\$27 for chair, \$12 for ottoman, O. Ames Co.), and ROLLING SIDE CHAIR of wrought iron has padded seat upholstered in muslin (\$81.50, Gallo Ironworks).

FOR POOLSIDE FASHIONS, TURN THE PAGE



**JUMP SUIT** of white terry (\$8, Catalina) is worn by Mrs. Fred Werner beside adobe wall of Casablanca Inn.

**TOWELING** shirts are slipped over swimsuits by Doug Wood (Isod, \$18.50), Jo Ann Robert (\$18, Haymaker).



## POOL BOOM

*continued*

# Dry-offs for the Poolside

**T**HE CONVIVIAL hours enjoyed around a backyard swimming pool call for a new type of clothing. Here is an informality that calls for something a little more planned than an old bathrobe but not so planned as the silks and linens worn at a country club. Californians, who have a 10-year head start in the art of living with pools, have developed terry cloth as a poolside performer. Swimsuit manufacturers on the Coast come up each year with a new crop of terry dry-off suits for the whole family. Easterners are now taking a page from this book. Amateur Golfer Vin Draddy (SI, April 22) heads a men's sportswear firm in New York, had his firm make up pullover shirts in luxurious Martex toweling for use in his new pool house in Rye, now markets them. Even I. Miller has got its feet wet with a bathing sandal soled with the nonslip hemp used to cover diving boards (*lower left*). Here, photographed at Phoenix pools, is a sampling of terry-cloth comfort.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHERITA

**MOTHER-DAUGHTER** blowed-top dry-off suits are worn beside their mountainside pool by Mrs. Paul Brophy and Jenny (\$11 and \$6, Cole).







**SUNNING SUIT** of terry (88, Jaybro) is typical of the poolside clothes Mrs. Royal Treadway likes to wear during the day as she

suntans at the Casablanca Inn, which is managed by her husband. She wears a straw skimmer (William J., \$22) western style.

## EXCLUSIVES BY McCARDELL:



The clothes on the following pages were designed especially for *Sports Illustrated* by last year's winner of the first annual American Sportswear Designer Award. Claire McCardell was cited for her creation of beautiful and functional styles which keep pace with the American woman's increasingly active way of life. This year she turns her famous talents to the newest mass phenomenon: backyard pools

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTA

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## For the Hostess, for Play

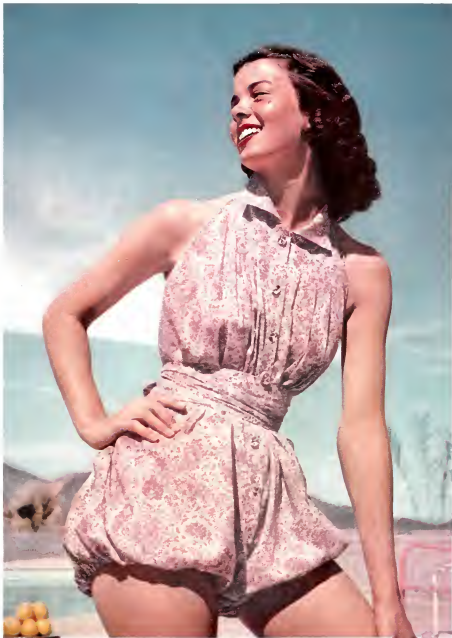
CLOTHES THAT CONSIDER THE THREE DEMANDS OF A PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL

THERE ARE three considerations behind Designer McCardell's backyard fashions: privacy, freedom and hospitality. The photographs on the following pages, made at a spectacular mountaintop pool in Paradise Valley, near Phoenix, Ariz., indicate how perceptively she has met the needs of the pool dweller. For the woman who wants to sun in privacy, Miss McCardell has done cotton suits almost as bare as bikinis. For relaxing beside a pool she has decided on free, easy-to-wear clothes such as beltless dresses cut like a child's and playsuits that are balloon-free until wrapped with a sash. And, since having a pool means more entertaining, she has designed hostess dresses cut as short as bathing suits for daytime and down-to-the-ankle dresses with hostess aprons for the formal evening hours. To give playsuits greater scope she has added gathered wraparound skirts which convert them to street-length sundresses. All of her backyard swimming pool clothes emphasize femininity: the fabrics are dainty florals, colors are soft, silhou-

ettes are graceful and easy to wear. The entire collection of swimming pool playclothes is now available in stores across the country: in the East, Lord & Taylor (New York, Hartford and Bala-Cynwyd); in the Midwest, Marshall Field (Chicago); in the South, Neiman-Marcus (Dallas and Houston), and in the West, I. Magnin (La Jolla, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Fresno, San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento and Seattle).

### BARE-BACK SUNSUIT

The glowing girl opposite is Mrs. Blake Brophy, who wears a sheer floral-print cotton sunsuit that has a collar but no back above the waist, bloomerlegs but no waistline until wrapped with a sash, and crystal buttons down the front (\$20). In the background is the B. J. Leonard free-form pool, blasted out of mountain rock and nestled between a flowering mountain rock garden and a house which overlooks the Paradise Valley golf course below.





#### PLAY DRESS

This madras-plaid cotton worn by Mary Brophy beside the Leonard pool has all the guileless charm of a child's smock and looks at home even at a neighbor's pool (\$36). The dress has matching plaid underpants, can be worn belted at the waist like the green play dress in the background, worn by pool-gazing Susan Shoss.





#### BIKINI—ALMOST

This suit bares the back to the waist. Kathi Patterson wears it in backyard privacy to acquire a suntan low enough for bareback evening dresses (\$28.50). Cotton print echoes the pattern of the pink granite rock behind the Leonard pool.

#### SUN POPOVER

A new version of continuing McCardell classic, the Popover is a dress which opens front or back, and wraps and ties to fasten. Mrs. William Turner wears a cropped version in crease-resistant rayon (\$30) as she peels an Arizona grapefruit.

#### APRONED HOSTESS DRESS

Worn by Mrs. Ed Tovar as she concentrates on cocktail hour duties, this is one of several to-the-ankle dresses suggested for possible entertaining. Dress is made of dobby-patterned cotton; matching apron is cotton piqué (\$55). Her lavender evening sandals are by Capzio.



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PART II:  
THE TEX RICKARD  
STORY

# BOXING is a GIANT'S GAME

by CHARLES SAMUELS



America's greatest sports promoter made his debut in a Nevada gold-rush town. Unknown and inexperienced, he beat everybody to the two biggest fights of the era

OLD KID HIGHLEY, now 86 but still a wealthy man, living in an expensive suite in a San Francisco hotel, probably remembers more about Tex Rickard's first big fight promotion than any man alive. Friends and partners since Rickard's last venture into Alaska in 1904, the Kid was with Tex when he followed the call of a new gold rush to Nevada and set himself up in a saloon there called, naturally, The Northern. This establishment subsequently went down in western history as one of the most colorful of all the saloons known to that gaudy era; but it is not the memory of its 60-foot bar, or its 80 employees of all kinds, or the fact that Wyatt Earp was one of its floormen or even that in gambling alone they made a million dollars in three years that makes Highley's eyes light up when he recalls the place. The Northern was great, certainly, but the fight between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson which Rickard put on eclipsed it in the minds of all who were there.

Rickard did not put on the fight for the sake of the noble sport of boxing. It was conceived purely and simply as a publicity stunt to promote the name of Goldfield. That booming little town in the heart of the great gold country around Tonopah was proving to be a mother lode of riches; but its local businessmen wanted a promotion of a different order to bring Goldfield's mining stocks to national attention. Rickard's first idea, based on the success he had had

with small bouts in his Alaska days, was to match Terrible Terry McGovern and Jimmy Britt for a fight to the finish. Fortunately, this fell through; Joe Humphreys, then managing McGovern, took Rickard's offer for a bad practical joke. Rickard himself admitted afterward that Humphreys' error was Goldfield's good fortune; McGovern was well over the hill as a fighter by that time.

But Rickard's next move was a master stroke. He wired Billy Nolan, Battling Nelson's manager, guaranteeing a purse of \$30,000 for a fight between the Battler and the Old Master, Joe Gans, on Labor Day 1906. This was the largest guarantee that had ever been offered for lightweights; but if Rickard, who was accustomed to seeing fortunes won and lost on the turn of a card, knew that he was making boxing history, he kept the fact hidden under a studied manner of guilelessness.

Rickard describes in his memoirs how he raised the money. He walked out of the telegraph office and down the dusty main street of Goldfield looking for backers. Al Myers, a successful prospector, said he could be counted upon for \$5,000. A little farther down the street George Graham Rice, the fabulous swindler who cost investors an estimated \$25 million and won ultimate notoriety in the '20s as "The Jackal of Wall Street," gave his word for

continued

## TEX RICKARD

continued

\$5,000 more and added a promise that he would back the whole venture if he had to.

That, Highly recalls, was typical of Rickard's way of operating. "Tex could always draw in that crowd," he said not long ago. "His very name and reputation attracted the customers. He was a real gambler, always angling for a deal." Certainly the Nelson-Gans fight, and the part that Rickard played in it, had very special qualities. Never one to advertise his methods, Rickard apparently found it convenient in the years that followed to obscure the combination of luck and opportunism and shrewd trading sense that contributed to this and to so many of his later triumphs.

He maintained always, although his actions cast considerable doubt on his words, that the very last thing he ever wanted to do was to be the promoter of the fight. Jack Dempsey, in a series on Rickard published after the promoter's death by the *New York American*, recalled Rickard telling him how his fellow townsmen set up the Goldfield Athletic Club to handle the fight.

"The loudest talker decided he want-

ed to be master of ceremonies—and he got himself the job. Somebody wanted to be this—and another feller wanted to be that—president or chairman and goosh knows what else.

"Well, after a little time the boys got themselves all checked out with fancy-sounding jobs and then they happened to take note that I was still around.

"Hey," one of them yelled, 'here's Texie and we ain't fixed him with a job.'

"I don't want any job—I'll be just a chipper-in," I said.

"That won't do," they shot back. "Everybody that's put in money gets some kind of a job. What'll we give Texie, boys?"

"That kind of stopped them. All the tony offices had been passed out. Seemed like as if no job was left for me. Then one of the fellers suddenly remembered that somebody had to do the negotiating with the fighters and do all the hard work if the match was made. Just sort of wouldn't do for one of those fellers with hifalutin' titles to be wasting his time doing any hard work.

"We'll make Texie the promoter—what say, boys?" And the answer elected me unanimously to the job that nobody else wanted. I wasn't so hot

about it myself because I didn't know anything about fighters and conditions and terms and all that. . . ."

If Rickard was as reluctant as he said, he picked an odd way to prove it. Nolan, who was in Utah, where Nelson was playing a vaudeville circuit, accepted the \$30,000 guarantee. Gans, almost destitute, wired his acceptance from San Francisco and promised to agree to any terms Nelson demanded.

On the strength of that, Rickard went to Reno and made a deal for the lumber for his fight arena. Meantime, the news of his offer had got around. In Reno he learned that Morris Levy, one of four associates of Jim Coffroth, a San Franciscan and at the time the country's leading promoter, had already left for Utah to sign up Nelson, but arrived too late.

FROM the beginning the country showed enormous interest in the fight. With ex-Heavyweight Champion Jim Jeffries in retirement, Battling Nelson was the most popular fighter in the country. He had been claiming Gans's title for a year.

Gans, a Baltimore Negro, had long been rated as invincible. He was that rarest of all fighters, a superb boxer with a sledge-hammer punch. But the public had lately developed serious doubts about him. His gameness when a fight got rough had been questioned. And only a few months before Rickard signed him for the Nelson bout, the Old Master had confessed to engaging in faked fights. Actually, these very doubts of Gans's toughness and honesty aided in the prefight buildup.

Rickard stoked the fires assiduously. Immediately after signing Nelson he went to the John S. Cook bank in Goldfield and arranged to have the \$30,000 purse displayed there in tall, neat stacks of freshly minted \$20 gold pieces. The imposing mountain of gold coins was pictured in newspapers all around the country. Newspapersmen arrived in Goldfield by the carloads. And the romantic Rickard, the hick novice staging his first big fight, was the center of attention.

Coffroth, who by this time realized that Rickard had stolen the show from him, was totally out of patience. When he saw the photographs of the \$30,000 in the bank window, he exploded. He instructed the former referee Tuxedo Eddie Graney to go to Goldfield and expose the display as a fraud.

Graney inspected the 1,500 gold pieces and concluded that if they were fakes, they were brilliant ones. He introduced himself to Rickard in The



GOLDFIELD'S MAIN STREET in its heyday was stage setting for western adventure. Rickard's saloon, The Northern, was prominent; to right was Sullivan Trust Co.



Northern and asked him how he ever hoped to make money on the fight in the middle of the desert.

"We're not putting it on to make money," Rickard explained. "It's just a little promotion stunt to help sell stock in the gold mines we have around here. The other saloon boys are all behind me." Rickard added that he had \$92,000 in backing but that the way ticket reservations were coming in he figured he wouldn't have to use a nickel of the money.

Graney did not believe a word of this. He explained that a hundred San Francisco merchants had each thrown \$500 into a pool to bring the fight there.

"Fifty thousand dollars, eh?" said Rickard thoughtfully. Then he called in a porter who was sweeping the floor outside his office.

"Now, Pete," he ordered, "go down to my room and bring me up about \$50,000 in cash. I feel like playing a few hands of pinochle before dinner."

Graney went back to San Francisco a whipped man.

Gans, followed by his white trainer Frank McDonald, arrived in Goldfield before Nelson. He had hardly stepped off the train before he found himself swept up in the intrigue which, like water roaring through a dry gulch, caught up everything and everyone concerned with the fight before it was over.

Gans was met at the newly built Goldfield railroad station by Lawrence M. Sullivan, then president of the Goldfield Athletic Club and head of the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company, whose hustling offices were next door to The Northern. Sullivan drove the fighter to The Northern through a crowd of 1,500 cheering miners.

On the short ride Sullivan managed to learn that Gans had no manager and also had no idea where he'd get the \$5,000 weight-and-appearance forfeit money he believed Nelson's manager would demand that he post. Gans had been having trouble for years making the lightweight limit, then 133 pounds. Sullivan offered to put up the money for him. "And I'll pay all of your training expenses," he said. Then he added quietly, "But that's only, you understand, if the right deal can be made."

Desperate though Gans was for money, he probably would have jumped out of the car and run for his life if he had known of the past of the man who wished to be his new manager. Before coming to Goldfield, Sullivan had run a sailors' rooming house in Seattle. So many of his overnight guests woke up aboard obscure freighters headed for

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HARD SET OF OLD PHOTOS SHOWS GANS RELAXING AT CAMP WITH LETTER FROM MOTHER...



BATTLING NELSON TELLING MANAGER NOLAN AND TEX RH KARD HOW HE WILL BEAT GANS...

AND LAUREN SULLIVAN (LEFT) AND RICKARD WITH \$30,000 STACK OF 200 GOLD PIECES



## TEX RICKARD

continued

the Orient that Sullivan had become notorious up and down the Pacific Coast as "Shanghai Larry."

When they reached the L. M. Sullivan Trust Co., President Sullivan took Gans into his private office and there, according to his partner, the redoubtable Mr. Rice, told Gans that all that was required of him was that he defeat Nelson.

"If you lose this fight," Shanghai Larry explained to Gans in the kindest tone he could muster, "they'll kill you here in Goldfield; they'll think you laid down. And my friends are going to bet a ton of money on you and you must win."

Gans told the men that he was so sure of winning that he was willing to bet on himself.

"If you lose that, Joe," said Sullivan, "you can prove it by turning over your end of the purse to me to bet on you at the best odds I can get. How about it?"

"Why not?" said Joe Gans, who had always been able to win when allowed.

The real fireworks began when Billy Nolan, Battling Nelson's manager, arrived in Goldfield with his cocky young fighter. Nolan's greeting to Rickard was curt and to the point: it was his understanding, he said, that the wired offer of \$30,000 was just for Nelson's end. When Rickard replied that he intended the sum to be the entire purse,

Nolan said, "O.K., we'll go home."

No amount of argument could shake him. Rickard, disgusted, finally had to hike the purse to \$33,500. The new deal called for Nelson, the challenger, to get \$22,500 of this, or more than twice the champion's end of \$11,000. The impetuous Gans had no alternative but to accept the inequitable arrangement.

But Nolan had thrown only his first Sunday punch. He next concentrated on adding to Gans' weight-making problems. When Gans asked that the weighing-in time be set at noon, three hours before the fight, Nolan countered with some requests of his own. He won them all. The men would weigh in three times on Labor Day: at noon, at 1:30 and 3 o'clock, ringtime. The boxers would weigh in wearing their ring togs—shoes and trunks. If Gans was a fraction of an ounce overweight at any of the three weighings, Nolan threatened, he would claim a forfeit.

Nolan also indicated that no matter who was chosen as referee he would object, but when Rickard named George Siler of Chicago it was Sullivan who let out a blast of indignation. Siler had been referee the night Gans threw a fight to Terry McGovern, and Sullivan said he was prejudiced against Negroes.

When the aging Siler got to Goldfield, he was met by Sullivan and whisked off to his office. There, under the pain of another Sullivan threat that he might never leave town alive, Siler promised Sullivan that he would give Joe Gans a fair deal.

Labor Day, Sept. 3, 1906, dawned bright and warm. People from all over the country continued to pour into Goldfield. Thousands of miners came in from Tonopah and other Nevada mining towns. For the first time since the boom started, the mines in the entire area had shut down so everyone could attend the fight.

Early in the afternoon the long line of spectators started for the arena, which was out on the desert about a half mile from town. Rickard had built the bowl of 214,667 feet of green lumber, for which he had paid \$50 per thousand feet, with a provision that he could return it after the fight and get four-fifths of his money back. The arena seated some 8,000 persons, took 10 days to build, cost Rickard \$13,000 in all, and, like the other, larger bowls he later constructed in Reno, Toledo and Jersey City, was a joy and delight to the dry-cleaning and pants-mending industries because the green lumber oozed sap in the hot sunshine.

"It looked like the California days of '49," wrote Barton W. Currie in the *New York Evening World*. "Miners came in with their buckskin bags of dust and nuggets. . . . Here and there a mining man would offer his claim against the property of another . . . as if gold mines were no more than ragged \$10 bills. . . . In the scorching sun commissioners jingling pockets full of \$20 gold pieces offered their odds. . . ."

At noon first Gans, then Nelson weighed in for the first time. The scales, set at 133 pounds, did not stir. It was the same story at the second weigh-in, at 1:30 p.m.

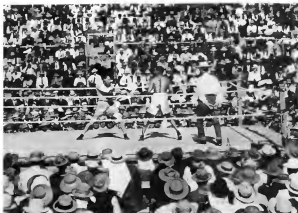
Gans had taken extraordinary precautions to safeguard Sullivan's \$5,000 forfeit: he had shaved practically every hair off his head, face and body and wore no socks. He had even tied his ring shoes with thin strings instead of shoelaces.

At 3 o'clock sharp, Gans stepped on the scales, and then Nelson, for the third time that day. Again the bar did not move.

A great cheer went up in the arena for Gans when the men at long last stepped into the ring. Nolan and Nelson were received with hoots and hisses.

Just before the fight started, Gans was handed a telegram from his mother. Its last four words immediately became a part of the common language. The wire read:

JOE, THE EYES OF THE WORLD ARE ON YOU. EVERYBODY SAYS YOU OUGHT TO WIN. YOUNG PETER JACKSON WILL TELL



NELSON AND GANS square off in first round of world lightweight title bout in Goldfield as many among 8,000 fans shade necks with handkerchiefs against hot afternoon sun.

ME THE NEWS AND YOU BRING HOME THE BACON.

The pattern for the fight was cut in the first round. For the first moment or two Nelson attempted to box with Gans. Reporters later said he looked absurdly awkward. Gans delivered two savage left jabs quickly, then began peppering the Durable Dane's face with hooks and more jabs.

The crowd settled back for the first 10 rounds. Gans kept outboxing and outslugging Nelson, while the Dane, moving always too slowly, telegraphed his punches and waited for the Old Master to tire from hitting him.

Then Nelson began roughhousing. In the 12th he butted Gans. In the 14th, Nelson was knocked against the ropes and almost fell to the canvas. Gans held out his hand. Nelson took it to pull himself to his feet, then, still holding Gans's hand, bashed away at his opponent's body. There were hisses and boos, but at the bell the Battler kicked Gans in the shins, and Gans kicked him back.

The brutal, bruising fight continued, with Nelson butting and wrestling. The Battler rallied in the 23rd round. In the 27th Gans broke a bone in his left hand. But he went on, lashing and slugging his open target with both fists.

In the 42nd round Nelson drove his right hand into Gans's groin with all the power he had left. Gans went down, rolled over and lay there, quivering convulsively and holding his hands between his legs. The place was in an uproar. There were screams of "Foul! Foul!" from every corner of the bowl.

"Now, Siler, you saw that foul, didn't you?" roared the ubiquitous Sullivan. "It's a foul, isn't it? Gans wins, doesn't he?"

Siler, his face white, walked over to Nelson and disqualified him.

Sullivan, whose official capacity was that of announcer, yelled, holding both hands aloft, "Gentlemen, the referee declares Nelson the winner on a foul!"

"It was all a matter of the betting," Billy Nolan told reporters later. "The referee was paid to give it to Gans."

He was lucky even to be able to make excuses. There was angry talk of riding Nelson and Nolan out of town, but, in the end, tempers cooled. The pair did not leave for a couple of days because Nelson was all lumps and bruises.

The Nelson-Gans fight was undoubtedly one of the foulest bouts on record, but nobody who saw it ever forgot it—or the man who put it on. For Rickard, the promotion set a pattern which,



PLANNING FOR BIG FIGHT, Johnson and Jeffries camps debate the choice of referee. From left, Sig Hart, Johnson, George Little, Sam Berger, Rickard and Jack Gleason.

with variations and on a far grander scale, he was to repeat many times in the coming years. And for a beginner, he had done remarkably well. He grossed \$69,715, paid off the fighters and \$23,000 in other expenses and cleared a net profit of \$13,215. And America had, for what it was worth, heard of Goldfield.

As it turned out, it wasn't worth much. The panic of 1907 and labor troubles at Goldfield's mines took all the fun and profit out of living there. In the same year the Rickards' adopted daughter, Bessie, died after an operation. It was a bitter blow to Rickard. Dispirited, he left Goldfield to pursue another strike, only to have it play out on him. He became front man for a small hotel in Ely, Nevada. His fame had followed him, however, and Rickard was not down for long. For the use of his name in Ely, he was given stock in a bank. He was also commissioned to buy mining properties for Thomas F. Cole, a Minnesota millionaire.

Then from Australia came the fateful news which, while Rickard couldn't have known it at the time, was to shape his destiny. Jack Johnson, the Negro, had beaten Tommy Burns, a Canadian, in 14 rounds at Sydney and had thereby won the heavyweight championship of the world.

It is difficult today to appreciate or understand the effect the report of Johnson's victory had on the country. As the late Alva Johnston wrote, "The morale of the Caucasian race had been at a low ebb long before the great blow

fell in 1908. Japan had defeated Russia. The Kaiser had been growing hysterical over the Yellow Peril. Africa was still celebrating the victory of Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia over the Italians. Dixie was still in ferment because Booker T. Washington, the Negro leader, had had a meal at the White House. . . . The Nordics had not been so scared since the days of Tamerlane."

Jack London, covering the Burns-Johnson fight for the *New York Herald*, concluded his account of the fight with a demand that Jim Jeffries emerge from retirement and regain the title as Caucasians everywhere again could hold up their heads. "Jeff," he wrote, "it's up to you."

The pressure on Jeffries to save the world from the Negro menace increased enormously after Johnson came home and beat, among others, Al Kaufman, a giant Californian; Victor McLaglen, who later became famous as the Hollywood film star; and World Middleweight Champion Stanley Ketchel.

Jeffries resisted for months, but the pressure was too great. He decided that the time for salvation of the race was at hand. Besides, he was broke. So he started training secretly on his Los Angeles farm early in 1909. Later he went on a nationwide vaudeville tour and he also, amidst much fanfare, visited Europe, where eminent European doctors examined him and pronounced him in perfect condition.

Clearly, this was a situation that

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## TEX RICKARD

continued

fairly cried aloud for exploitation. Unlike the Nelson-Gans promotion, the hidden perfect apple in the barrel, here was the single golden pear shining brightly on the tree. Boxing men clamored for the right to present Jeffries and Johnson, and incidentally to save the white race. To protect themselves financially, Jeffries and Johnson signed a private agreement that they would fight during July 1910. They stipulated that all bids must be submitted to them or their representatives in New York on Dec. 1, 1909.

In this atmosphere, and with only one big fight behind him, Rickard set out to capture the prize for himself. He had one advantage possessed by none of his competitors. He still had the backing of his Minnesota millionaire friend, Cole. Then and later, this ability to borrow large sums of money without security whenever he needed it was Rickard's biggest advantage over professional promoters. His competitors had everything else. They knew every clean and dirty trick of their curious trade, and few of them were handimpaired by scruples. If any of them had been able to obtain the sort of money Rickard attracted, Rickard never would have got the chance to put on another big fight.

Loaded down with Cole's thousand-dollar bills, Rickard headed for Pittsburgh, where Johnson was appearing in vaudeville. He decided that his best chance was to approach the champion through his white wife. He reasoned that Mrs. Johnson had probably been snubbed so often lately that she might appreciate a friendly call from another white person.

Mrs. Johnson was packing when Rickard introduced himself at her boarding house. She explained that she and Jack were leaving that night for New York where the sealed bids for the fight were to be opened. Rickard asked Mrs. Johnson whether Jack had signed up with some other promoter.

"Jack wouldn't sign anything," she said, "without talking it over with me first."

Rickard nodded thoughtfully, then said, "I'd buy you just about any kind of present you'd like, Mrs. Johnson, if you could talk him into signing up with me."

"A fur coat, Mr. Rickard?"

"You got yourself a deal, ma'am," said Rickard.

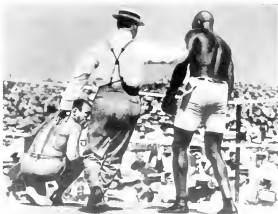
With her cooperation assured, Rickard went to call on the champion back-

stage. Johnson, a high, wide and handsome spender, made no bones about being broke. He confirmed his wife's statement about not having signed for the fight. "And there ain't nobody giving me any money," he added. "And that's what I need most now, not newspaper talk."

"How much do you need, Jack?" Rickard asked.

"Boss," said Jack Johnson, "if I could get hold of \$2,500 it would help a whole armful. I sure would like to

coat for Mrs. Johnson. It cost him \$75. He next looked up Jeffries and his manager of the moment, Sam Berger, who informed him that the open bidding was out of their hands. The man to contact was a San Franciscan named Jack Gleason. Gleason was reputed to be a close friend and agent of Jim Coffroth, Rickard's old rival, and Rickard feared this would cost him the match. In the ensuing negotiations Rickard learned, doubtless not entirely to his edification, that his doubts concerning



**DOWN IN THE 15TH**, a badly beaten Jim Jeffries looks stunned as straw-hatted Referee Tex Rickard holds off Champion Jack Johnson, who retained title in historic Reno bout.

fight for you. I don't owe them other fellows nothin'."

Pulling out a big bank roll, Rickard peeled out two new \$1,000 bills and one new \$500 bill. These he laid on Johnson's dressing table, saying, "Jack, if you agree to fight for me, I'll see that no one takes advantage of you."

"Yes, sir," said Jack, his face breaking into a smile. "And I'll tell you something else you should know, Mr. Tex. They're gonna bid \$100,000 for this fight. If you put in a bid for \$101,000 you'll get it sure."

Rickard and Johnson signed a personal contract on the train going to New York. For Rickard this proved to be not only a foresighted move. As it developed shortly, it was a *sine qua non*, without which he might just as well have rolled up his bank notes and headed home.

On getting to New York, Rickard at once went out and bought a sealskin

Gleason were unnecessary and unfounded. Gleason wasn't going to doublecross him; he merely was out to doublecross Coffroth.

After a certain amount of opening sparring, the two men agreed that, considering their position, the opposition was in rather straitened circumstances, and perhaps it would be wise if they made a deal between themselves. Rickard consented to put up all the financing and cut Gleason in on half of the profits, including the movie money.

The bidding for the fight took place on Dec. 1, and it was conducted with all the solemnity of the opening of a rich man's will. Boxing being outlawed in New York, a ferryboat load of bidders, newspaper reporters and the curious crossed the Hudson to Myer's Hotel in Hoboken, New Jersey—so many, in fact, that the scene was shifted across the street to Nagell's

Hotel, and finally to the Hoboken Quartet Club. One by one the sealed envelopes were opened in an expectant hush. All but one of the bids were substantial and, to men who had no sure way of knowing the fight's true drawing power, all must have seemed equally enticing. But Rickard's flair for showmanship—not to mention his forehandedness, a side of the negotiations which he was always loth to discuss—in the end prevailed.

All the other envelopes had contained certified checks for \$5,000. Before the envelope containing Rickard's bid was opened, he told the stakeholder, a New York hotel man named Robert Murphy, "You better be careful with that, Mr. Murphy. It contains some real money." When the envelope was opened, there was Rickard's check for \$5,000—plus fifteen \$1,000 bills.

The Rickard-Gleason offer guaranteed \$101,000, plus 66⅔% of the movie rights. The last bid read came from Tom McCarey of Los Angeles, who offered a guaranteed purse of \$110,000 with 50% of movie rights.

But Johnson seemed not to be listening. "Those checks may be all right," he said, "but they don't look so good to this baby as those bills with the big numbers on them. I'm not so educated as some of you folks, and I would like time to figure things out."

Over the protests of McCarey and Tuxedo Ed Graney, the referee who had also bid, it was decided to give the champion until the following day to ponder the matter.

The principals reassembled behind locked doors. After several hours it was announced that Rickard and Gleason had bagged the big prize.

McCarey and Graney complained bitterly. "I was induced to come across the continent by the representation that everything was to be aboveboard here," said McCarey. "I find it otherwise. If my bid is not the best, then Eddie Graney's is." But McCarey's complaint changed nothing; Rickard carried the day.

**I**N THE COURSE of his long career, Tex Rickard made his share of business mistakes. None, however, was ever more costly than the error he committed in letting Jack Gleason talk him into staging the Johnson-Jeffries fight in San Francisco.

In 1910 prizefighting was banned almost everywhere in the West except California and Nevada. And in California the law restricted city bouts to 20-round exhibitions.

Despite the law, Gleason convinced

Rickard that Governor James N. Gillett had promised him personally that the fight would go on as scheduled, no matter who objected. But he was underestimating the opposition. Boxing reformers, whose argument had been strengthened considerably by stories of fakes arranged and promoters fixed, began to circulate a story that the fix was also in on the Johnson-Jeffries fight.

Ned Brown, later a New York public relations man but at the time a sports reporter for the old New York World, recalls that the reformers had ample evidence to justify these reports. Brown covered Jim Jeffries' training camp at Rowardennan, and he is as certain today as he was 47 years ago that the fight was to be handed to Jeffries—and that, indeed, Jeffries would not have come out of retirement unless he had had a guarantee that he would win. Johnson could afford to lose, because he knew that Jim Jeffries would never fight again and the title would revert to him practically by default. The reformers charged that the loser's share in the purse had been increased from 25% of the total gate to 40% by agreement with Jeffries.

At Rowardennan curious things happened, or, more accurately, failed to happen. Jeffries, Brown says, was in splendid shape, having taken off 100 pounds in eight months. But he did hardly any boxing at all. Jim Corbett, who ran his camp, was furious because the reporters had nothing to write about. "I can't get him to bawx," he cried, "I can't get him to bawx." Furthermore, Jeffries couldn't straighten out his right arm to throw an overhand punch. He punched the bag almost exclusively with his left hand, and the few times he did use his right he was like a man hitting a tabletop with his fist.

Brown's version of the fix is contradicted flatly by Sig Hart, a spry, elfin character, now 85, who attained quasi-managerial status in the Johnson camp after Johnson got rid of George Little, who had acted as Johnson's manager in the negotiations for the fight. Speaking in Chicago not long ago, Hart maintained, "Boxing wasn't phony when I was managing Johnson. There was a lotta talk that Jeffries was gonna win, but nobody ever propositioned Johnson. The only proposition Jack ever got was when Jack Curley conned him into the bad fight in Cuba in 1915."

Through May and June Governor Gillett was bombarded with thousands of letters, telephone calls and telegrams

continued

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## TEX RICKARD

continued

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Esther Williams, President

53 Court Street, White Plains, N. Y.



demanding that he throw the fight out of the state. One morning early in June, so one story goes, he reached his office to find 50 clubwomen waiting for him. Most of them got down on their knees when they saw him and begged him to ban the fight as a brutal spectacle and because it pitted a Negro against a white man. Three weeks before the scheduled date, Gillett capitulated. He banned the fight.

Many believed that the rumors of a fix prompted the governor to ban the fight. The governor denied it. Sig Hart, too, maintains adamantly that this was not the reason for the action. "Owen Moran boxed Tommy McCarthy, and McCarthy died in the ring," Hart says. "After that, the governor stopped all fighting."

Whatever the reason, the effects of the governor's action were electrifying. Ned Brown recalls that Jeffries went berserk—whether because Johnson called off the supposed deal or because he realized the fight would now have to move to Nevada, none can say. There is good reason to believe that Jeffries wanted very much to stay out of Nevada—some sources claim that five years before he had welshed on \$25,000 in IOUs to Reno gamblers and he didn't dare go near the city. Rickard, according to this version, squared the debt by talking the gamblers into settling for 50¢ on the dollar.

Whatever the truth of this was, and whether it was originally planned by Johnson and Jeffries to have the latter win or not will probably never be established to the satisfaction of everybody. There is no such nagging doubt, however, over Rickard's next move. With \$136,000 of ticket orders in, and between \$30,000 and \$50,000 invested in the stadium, license and other expenses, Rickard threatened to sue Governor Gillett.

To this Gillett replied, "If Mr. Rickard wants a fight he can get a bigger one than he is advertising for the Fourth of July."

Rickard was looking for no fight—he was looking for a place to fight. Offers for sites, in addition to Reno, came in from Fly and Goldfield. The one from Goldfield read:

CITY OF GOLDFIELD GUARANTEES SALE 6,000 \$20 SEATS EACH IF FIGHT TAKES PLACE HERE. HAS THREE RAILROADS IN BACK OF HER. COME BACK TO YOUR FIRST LOVE. ANSWER IMMEDIATELY.

Rickard picked Reno because its

railroad facilities were superior to Goldfield's. But he left a lasting impression behind him when he moved out of San Francisco.

Bob Edgren, sports editor of the New York Evening World, who accompanied him, wrote: "In the lobbies of the great hotels groups gathered and talked in low tones. There was the earthquake feeling of calamity in the air. Tex Rickard was the one cheerful man in sight as we stepped aboard the ferry. I can't help admiring Rickard's magnificent nerve. He was actually smiling as he looked back at the silent city on the hills, and, waving his hand, he said: 'Well, I'm leaving \$250,000 in cash behind, probably a couple of hundred thousand dollars more, but I'm blamed glad to get away from you with my hide.'"

Most of the 42,000 persons living in Nevada in 1910 seemed to have jammed themselves around the Reno railroad station to welcome Rickard. From then until July 4, Reno boiled and bubbled with excitement. Travelers could not get into a restaurant or find sleeping accommodations in a rain barrel as the day for the fight approached. Railroads were jammed. Pickpockets were everywhere. The state police arrested so many of them that the Reno jail was bulging.

The talk of doublecrosses, fakes and fixes increased with the shift from San Francisco. Jeffries, who had run away from the big mob that greeted him at the station on June 23, began, some people said, to act like a man who considered July Fourth the Day of Doom. As at Rowardman, he did hardly any boxing.

"I like fighting in the ring," was his only explanation, "but I hate sparring."

Ignoring his behavior, most experts were picking Jeffries. Rex Beach, who thought Jeffries would win, seemed to confuse him with an armadillo. He said the Californian's ribs came down so low on his body that they almost touched his hipbones, which sheathed his vital organs "within a cage of bone." Bob Edgren's reason for liking Jeffries' chances reflected what millions of white men felt and believed. "I pick Jeffries," he wrote, "because after watching the caveman's work for a solid month, I cannot picture in my mind that huge bulk lying on the floor. . . . On the other hand, I can picture Johnson dazed and bewildered. . . . The difference is a difference of both breeding and education."

When at long last Jeffries faced off

against Johnson in the center of the ring, the "greatest fight of all time" turned out to be considerably less than advertised. The arena, with a capacity of 18,000, had a paid attendance of 15,760. Ikehard himself was referee. He had been selected after all other nominees had been rejected as unacceptable to one party or the other. At ringtime Jeffries was a 10 to 6½ choice.

The fight started tamely and, in fact, monotonously. It continued that way for a dozen rounds, with the powerful Jeffries looking muscle-bound and helpless before the machine-fast fists of Johnson, who often made Jeffries appear helpless.

In the sixth, everyone at the fight who could shut prejudice out of his mind knew how the battle would end. The sixth was the round in which Johnson, who had been playing a cat-and-mouse game with Jeffries before that, all but closed Jeffries' right eye with a fast straight left. "Stop lovin' me, Mr. Jeff," the Negro shouted exultantly each time he pushed Jeffries off as he tried to clinch with him.

Every round after that was a grueling three minutes of savage, unceasing punishment for Jeffries. And while out-boxing and outfighting him, Johnson's wisecracks and great golden smile made his superiority even more gallingly apparent to the supporters of white supremacy who sat there watching the awful slaughter.

Those who still hoped for a miracle got their only thrill in the 11th when Jeffries rushed in and landed with a left and a right to the body. But the blows looked more vicious than they were. Johnson was moving away when they landed. After that the only question was how long Jeffries could last.

Among the best accounts of the finish was the New York Evening World's blow-by-blow description of the 15th round.

"When the men faced each other it was plain to all that Jeffries was in distress. His face was puffed and bleeding from the punishing lefts and rights he had received and his movements were languid. He shambled after the elusive Negro, sometimes crouching low with his left hand stuck out in front and sometimes standing erect. Stooping or erect, he was a mark for Johnson's accurately driven blows. Johnson simply waited for the big white man to come in and chopped his face to pieces. They came into a clinch after a feeble attempt by Jeffries to land a left-hand blow on the body, and as they broke away Johnson shot his left and right

continued



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## TEX RICKARD

*continued*

to the jaw in a flash. Jeffries staggered back against the ropes. His defensive power seemed to desert him in an instant. Johnson dashed at him like a tiger. A rain of lefts and rights delivered at close quarters sent Jeffries reeling blindly. Another series of short, snappy punches and the big white giant went down. . . . He fell under the top rope, over the lower one and onto the overhang of the platform. Resting on his haunches and right elbow, Jeffries looked around in a dazed way, and got up at the count of nine. While he was down, Johnson stood almost over him until Rickard waved him back. He stood ready to strike, and when Jeffries arose from his knees he dashed in again. Jeffries reeled about and tried to clinch, but Johnson eluded him, and as the old champion swung around to the south side of the ring he jolted him twice on the jaw. Jeffries sank to his knees weak and tired, but he got up again at the count of nine. It was then that Jeffries' friends began to call Rickard to stop the fight.

"Stop it! Stop it!" the crowd shouted from all sides. "Don't let him be knocked out." Rickard gave no heed to these appeals. Jeffries was helpless now, and as he staggered to his feet the Negro was waiting for him. A left, a right and another left, short, snappy, powerful blows, found their mark on Jeffries' chin and he went down for the third time. Again he sprawled over the lower rope, hanging half outside the ring. The timekeeper raised and lowered his arms, tolling off the seconds. He had reached the count of seven when some of Jeffries' seconds put foot inside the ropes and Rickard walked between the fallen man and the Negro champion. Placing his hand on

Johnson's shoulder, he declared him the winner.

"While Jeffries was not counted out, this was merely a technical evasion. It was evident that he could never have gotten up inside 10 seconds."

When all the bills had been paid off and accounts with the fighters settled, Rickard and Gleason divided between them around \$110,000, a profit which is all the more remarkable considering the losses the two had sustained in San Francisco. Curiously enough, Rickard still didn't consider promoting his career. His innate restlessness soon got the better of him, and toward the end of the year, he, his wife Edith Mae and 10 Texas cowboys were on their way to Paraguay where, Rickard had heard, unlimited opportunities awaited cattle breeders. Rickard acquired 50,000 head of cattle, managed to keep them alive in that tick-infested country, and for his efforts was admired by Theodore Roosevelt. But by 1915 he had wearied of this success—and its boring routine—too. He returned to the United States with Edith Mae.

As if the very powers of fate had plucked him from his Paraguayan isolation, Rickard arrived in New York almost simultaneously with the news that Jack Johnson had lost his heavyweight championship to Jess Willard in Havana. Once before a Johnson fight overseas had played a critical role in the life of Tex Rickard. And just as reports of Johnson's victory over Tommy Burns in 1908 had ultimately established Rickard as a great and original promoter, the news now led him at last to the single-minded pursuit that before long would result in the world's greatest sports arena, Madison Square Garden, and the Golden Age of boxing, from the first million-dollar gate to the only fight in history to draw over \$2 million.

## Next Week

## THE MILLION-DOLLAR DECADE

How Rickard parlayed Dempsey's bad reputation into the first million-dollar gate; what Rickard told Dempsey before the Carpentier fight; near disaster in the stands; why cut-rate seconds cost Firpo the title; birth of a Garden; did Dempsey duck Harry Wills? A strange ticket deal with Mike Jacobs; Champion Gene Tunney and history's richest fight



**BASEBALL ISSUE: SALAM FROM A FAN**  
Sirs:

Salam! Your special baseball issue (SI, April 15) is a pure gem, and the 32-page scouting report by your team of baseball writers and reporters is a tremendous boon to this fan, who has the proper enthusiasm but a slightly waning ability to retain the statistics and figures. Encouraged by Mr. Creamer's article (*A Salute to the Fan*), I plan to join the ladies on the bench next spring in Saratoga, clutching this special issue for comparison's sake—if it holds together that long.

JANET HUSTON

Troy, Mass.

**BASEBALL ISSUE: PERFECTION**

Sirs:

All the stories, photos and features were excellent.

ROBERT J. MOSS

Chicago

**BASEBALL ISSUE: FACTS**

Sirs:

Enjoyed the new statistics and scouting reports most.

TOMMY LEVIN

Wauwatosa, Wis.

**BASEBALL ISSUE: ADVICE**

Sirs:

Now that you have pointed out the various shortcomings and strong points of every park, something can be done to improve them.

J. F. MILLER

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

**BASEBALL ISSUE: TREASURE**

Sirs:

The color picture of Babe Ruth is a treasure.

RAYMOND STORRER

Joliet, Ill.

**BASEBALL ISSUE: FUN AND GAMES**

Sirs:

Unquestionably, Ogden Nash is a great poet of the present time, but his *Decline and Fall of a Roman Empire* will never, in my book especially, be listed as great.

That uncouth spectator wanning over the umpire didn't seem fair to me. . . . In denoting Umpire Tony Caesar, Nash gave me the impression that the real bums among spectators are untouchable, while the umpires take the consequences.

By way of rebuttal, I offer this:

The Decline and Crash of Ogden Nash  
Although generally of calm, judicial  
demeanor I am writing this  
Because frankly I am prejudiced.

Possibly Ogden Nash will not agree,  
But there should not be poets with as  
much saintly forbearance as he.

I think I speak for all fair-minded fans  
when I say that shipping this much-  
maligned umpire off to a minor  
league farm

Did baseball (and poetry) a great deal  
of harm.

And to resolve the conflict in favor of  
that lacrimose spectator of ill repute,  
To put it mildly,  
wasn't very cute.

ANTHONY CAESAR

Wind Gap, Pa.

● For additional evidence that an umpire's lot is not a happy one, see page 29.—ED.

**BASEBALL ISSUE: HATS OFF!**

Sirs:

My hat is off to James Murray for finally putting into print (*Fans Is for Winners*) what the real baseball fan has known for years. Showboats like Cobb, Williams *et al* never helped a team. The Hall of Fame should be reserved strictly for team accomplishment, not individual feats. . . .

DR. MILTON H. ELZUFON, Mayor  
Newark, N.Y.

**BASEBALL ISSUE: IF I WERE TED**

Sirs:

Cobb and Wauer not in the Hall of Fame? Ridiculous! As for Williams—well, if I were Ted the Great, I'd spit right in Mr. Murray's eye.

DUANE NORBURG

Colorado Springs, Colo.

**BASEBALL ISSUE: SURVIVAL**

Sirs:

Any game that can survive the Black Sox can survive the Murrays.

CLAYTON HAMLIN

Pittsfield, Maine

**BASEBALL ISSUE: ABNORMAL PRESSURE**

Sirs:

After reading Murray, I found my blood pressure higher than normal.

ROBERT KRAFT

Camden, N.J.

**BASEBALL ISSUE: PRECEDENT-BREAKER**

Sirs:

This is the first time I have ever gone out of my way to criticize any article but I do feel Murray's piece is probably one of the worst articles I have ever read. . . .

JACK CUMMINS

Sports Director

WTVJ

Miami

**BASEBALL ISSUE: THROUGH THE HAT**

Sirs:

James Murray is talking through his well-groomed Homburg in *Fans Is for Winners*. Especially so on Cobb. As specious a bit of thinking as I've read. . . .

SOL NEWMAN

Hamden, Conn.

**BASEBALL ISSUE: TRAVESTY**

Sirs:

James Murray's article on phony Hall of Famers is the biggest travesty of baseball reporting I have ever read and should be challenged by every informed baseball fan in the country.

By Mr. Murray's interpretation we would pull such greats as Cy Young, Honus Wagner, Walter Johnson, Ty Cobb, Grover

Cleveland Alexander, Tris Speaker and Nap Lajoie out of the Hall of Fame because they did not play for winners. These players only represent seven of the first 12 voted into Cooperstown and the heart of baseball's all-time team. Instead we will substitute Spud Chandler, Wally Pipp, Arthur Nehf, Ernie Bonham, Fred Fitzsimmons, Red Rolfe and Gus Mancuso. After all, they played for Mr. Murray's winners. Yeah, it means that we will close the door to Robin Roberts, Bob Feller and Ted Williams, yet select Gil Hodges, Joe Page and Clem Labine, since they played for well-heeled winners.

MERRL L. DEMOLL

Birmingham

● Murray's distinction (hereinafter to be known as "Murray's Law") between the star who seemingly plays for his own glory and the superplayer whose unrelenting determination to win fires his team to success is obviously not the only yardstick in measuring a player's greatness in or out of the Hall of Fame. For instance, it is a yardstick that generally does not apply to pitchers, like Walter Johnson, Old Pete Alexander, Dizzy Dean, Cy Young and Christy Mathewson, *et al.*, who over a season work in relatively few games and then perform a lonely and highly individual mission.—ED.

**BASEBALL ISSUE: FIRST TO MINGO**

Sirs:

The first person that comes to my mind is Stan Musial. Here is a ballplayer who can be considered one of the greatest of our time, yet, according to Mr. Murray's idea, Musial could not be considered Hall of Fame material.

Musial is as much a team player as any in the business, yet the St. Louis ball club has not been able to come up with a winning team since 1946. . . .

WILLIAM SCHIRER

Chicago

● Not so. According to Murray's Law Stan Musial is, indeed, a superplayer with a reserved pedestal in the Hall of Fame. Musial, one of the most intense team players in modern baseball, led his Cardinals to four pennants and five second places over a nine-year stretch. He will undoubtedly make his club a pennant contender again this season with the help of such "catalytic" players as Wally Moon. Incidentally, Musial's yesteryear counterpart might well be George Sisler, about whom Murray said: "And let us not forget the great George Sisler, who . . . was able to hoist the sickly St. Louis Browns into pennant contention in the American League. That alone should be example enough of the value of the team man." Thus Murray's Law does recognize players who hoist their team "into pennant contention."—ED.



## PAT ON THE BACK

The most exclusive club in American golf consists of 14 men whose *titre d'entrée* was winning the Masters, that vernal boncoming of champions past and present. On the occasion of the 1957 Masters, 11 of them put on their emblematic green blazers and gathered for this portrait. Top row, and in the usual order, are Sam Snead, winner in '49, '52 and '54 and runner-up this year; Horton Smith who won the maiden

Masters in '34 and repeated in '35; Byron Nelson, the incredible Texas (37, '42); Herman Kiser, the only dark horse winner in '46 and smooth-winged Henry Prasad (38). In center row: Gene Sarazen, whose unheard double eagle led to victory in 1935; Cliff Roberts, the Masters' imaginative tournament director; Don Hogan ('51, '58) and the great Bob Jones, father of the Masters and its course. Bottom row are

Claude Harmon, the Winged Foot pro ('48); Jimmy Demaret, the only other three-time winner ('46, '47, '50); young Jack Burke, winner of both the Masters and the PGA in '56; and Craig Wood who in '41 combined the Masters with the U.S. Open. Missing are Ralph Guldahl, winner in '38, Cary Middlecott, who joined the club in '35 and insurance salesman Doug Ford (51, April 15), who had yet to pass his entrance requisites.



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